BRITANNIA and EVE

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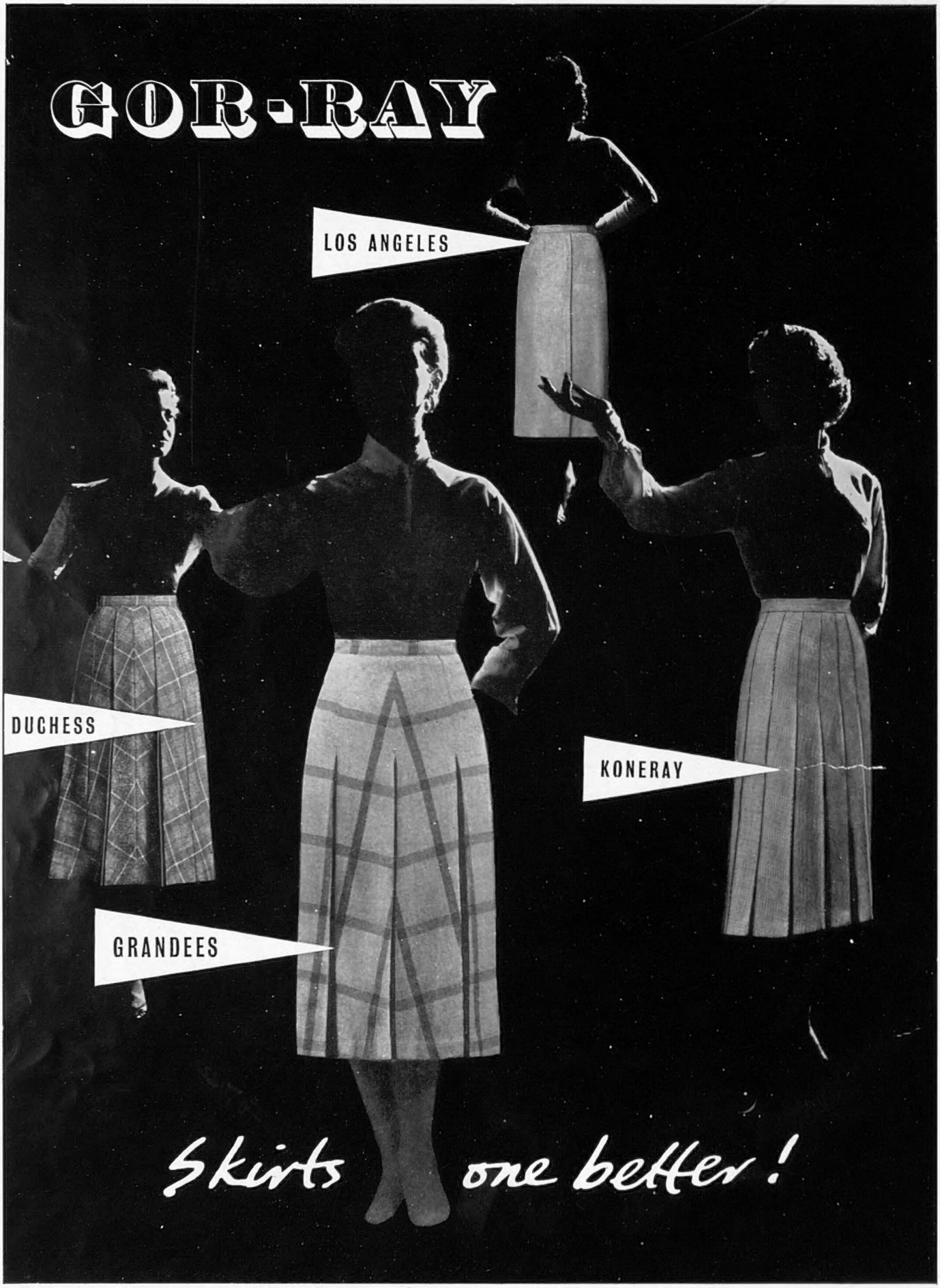

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 48 No. 1 JANUARY, 1954

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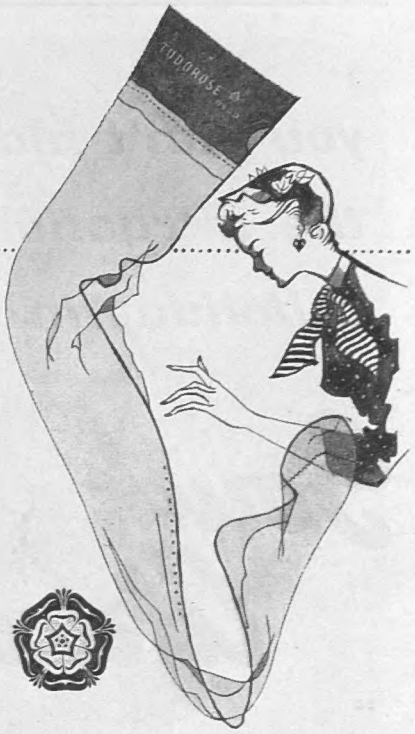

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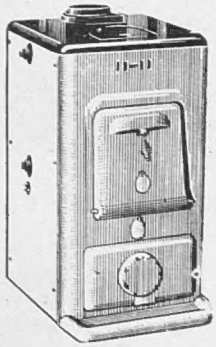

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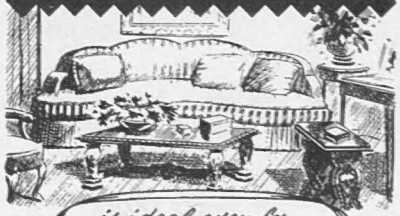

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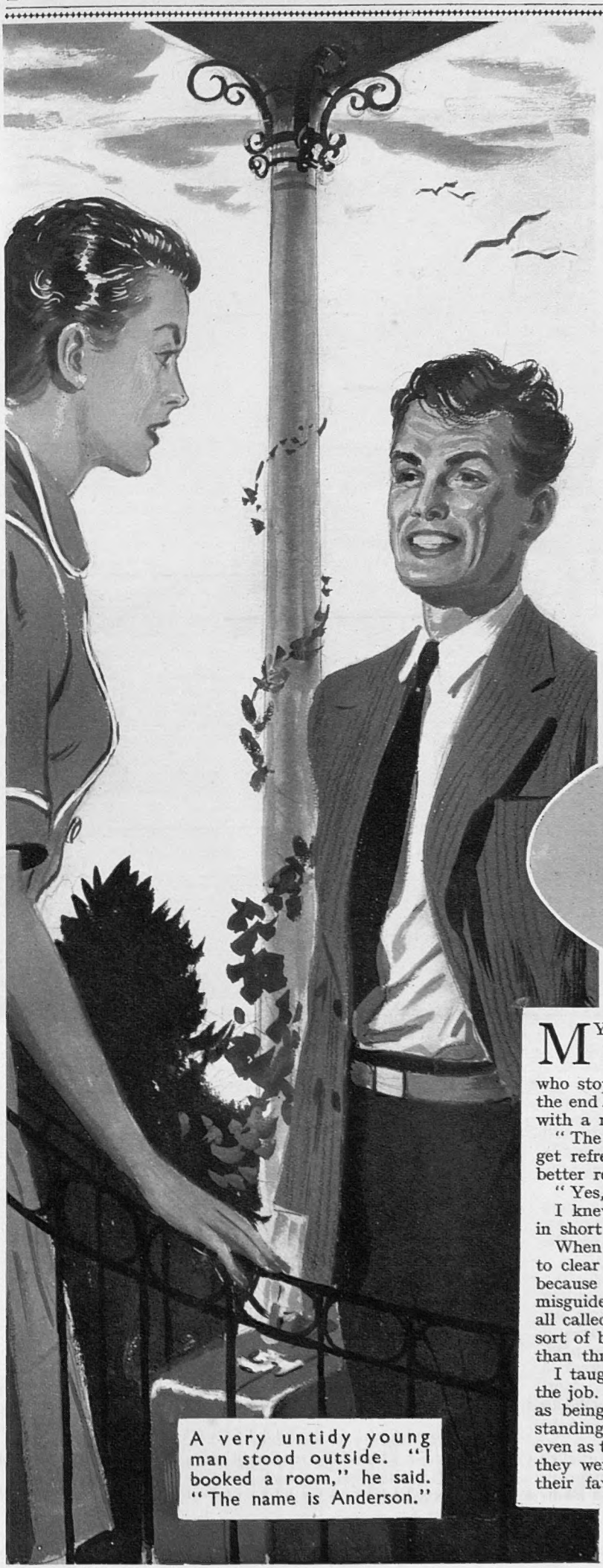


A very untidy young man stood outside. "I booked a room," he said. "The name is Anderson."

No Half Measures

by

MONICA EWER

She'd told herself that Rufus was her love—it was rather a shock to find she'd got the name wrong

MY decision to become a teacher was economic, not vocational, and stemmed back to my love of William the Second, known to his buddies as Rufus, the fellow who stopped an arrow in the New Forest. That was why at the end of term the headmistress looked at me across her desk with a marked lack of sympathetic understanding.

"The summer holidays, Miss Carlow, will give us time to get refreshed for the autumn term. We must all strive for better results."

"Yes, Miss Henderson."

I knew she would have sacked me but that teachers were in short supply.

When I fell in love with Rufus I decided to write a book to clear his name. Perhaps I had a fellow feeling with him, because though my hair is a glossy chestnut, and though my misguided parents had christened me Persephone, my friends all called me "Red." Only it takes a long time to write that sort of book and I have never been able to manage with less than three square meals a day.

I taught to eat. Few people could have been less fitted for the job. I never thought of those noisy, inattentive teen-agers as being in a budding grove—I had read my Proust—or as standing with reluctant feet—I had read my Longfellow—or even as trailing clouds of anything except chalk-dust. I thought they were tiresome and they thought I was ghastly. It was their favourite, almost their only adjective, and it applied

equally to a meal or a murder. I was a shockingly bad teacher. I romped brilliantly away on my pet theories and ended up to find that most of my pupils were playing noughts-and-crosses.

The thought of the summer holidays—those lovely, long holidays that are such hell for parents and such joy for teachers—filled me with a rapture only modified by the fact that I had no money to go anywhere.

" Come any time, dear," Aunt Edith had said repeatedly.

I accepted with my eyes open. Aunt Edith ran a boarding house called the Parade Hotel, which made it sound less like a boarding house. She asked me because I was the kind of help who couldn't give notice and didn't have to be paid. Still, I would get bracing sea air, revolting free food, a lumpy bed and limited company. I didn't blame Aunt Edith for wanting help. Next to teaching, running a boarding house is the last way anyone would want to earn a living.

Moreover my mind was deeply occupied with higher matters. I had just read a paper by Professor Neil Anderson in which the old boy had said that after the Siege of Bamborough in 1095, Rufus had gone to Canterbury. I had proof positive that he had gone to Winchester.

I wrote to the Professor. I wanted to argue my case. I offered to come to Oxford. I gave him my address as the Parade Hotel, Redcliff-on-Sea.

He wrote making a date, saying he would like a breath of sea air, and that he had arranged for us to use one of the small rooms in the Redcliff-on-Sea public library for our meeting.

I went down the day before to get settled with Aunt Edith.

" Kitty, how nice to see you."

Aunt Edith called everyone " Kitty " to save herself the trouble of remembering their names.

" Nice of you to have me, Aunt Edith," I said dutifully.

She wasn't a bad old trout, mildly eccentric, and everything at the Parade Hotel was in a fine muddle. By lunchtime I was in an overall, working like mad.

When, at teatime, the front door-bell rang, I rushed upstairs to answer it in my best two-steps-at-a-time manner.

A VERY untidy young man stood outside. At least, he wasn't so awfully young when you looked at him a second time, but he was awfully untidy. He wore flannels and a tweed coat and his hair stood on end and he had fiery blue eyes and a face that fell into natural creases as if his skin were loose like a puppy's. He had a battered suitcase and an engaging smile.

We stood on a wide grass verge and the sea pounded at the bottom of the cliffs.
"Only one thing brought me back," he said gruffly. "Respect for truth."

"I booked a room. The name is Anderson."

I goggled. There was no other word for it. Automatically I stretched a hand for the case. He pushed me aside.

"I 'll take it myself. It 's heavy. Books in it. You show me the way to my room."

Aunt Edith at this moment appeared at the top of the stairs. "Good afternoon," she said majestically. "What was the name ? "

"Neil Anderson."

"Number Seven, Kitty." To see her in action you 'd never guess—well, not at first, anyway—that she was just a muddle-headed old dear.

After the initial question she never remembered a boarder's name and always referred to them by the number of the room.

I walked up the stairs with the Professor hard on my heels. It didn't seem the moment for explanations. I opened the door, automatically removed the cat from the bedspread. Except for the cat—who was large, disagreeable and lazy—everything seemed in order.

"I 'd like some tea, please. A lot of tea. I missed my lunch."

"The tea lounge," that was what Aunt Edith called it at teatime, the rest of the day it was lounge simple, "is on the right."

"Good. I 'll amble along there."

He nodded in dismissal, set down his suitcase and went to the window. People always do that first. If they can't see the sea they want their money back. The one thing that is up to scratch at Aunt Edith's is the sea. It comes in and goes out twice a day in full view of all the boarders.

I went slowly downstairs. If you haven't spoken right away it 's a bit difficult to know how to start. I saw to it that Aunt Edith gave him a generous tea and I carried it up to the lounge.

He was studying a very ancient number of *Punch*. He swung round and, before I could speak, he got in his next blow.

"I 'm here to meet a Miss Carlow." He grinned. "School marm. Anything answering to that description blown in yet ? "

I was furious. "School teachers don't all look alike," I said stiffly.

"That 's where you 're wrong. If you 'd seen as many school marms as I have you 'd know they all look alike, they all sound alike, and they 're all awful."

I WANTED to tell him that "ghastly" was the word. I didn't. My eyes are big and brown and I hope they flashed at him defiantly. "I think it 's mean to say that of them behind their backs."

"All crossed in love. They 're just a ' monstrous regiment of women.' A sour Scot of whom you would never have heard said that a long time ago."

"Then why trouble to meet this Miss Carlow ? "

"She 's got information I want." He settled in the armchair and studied his tea. "She sounds a bit off the beam, too."

"Why does she sound—off the beam ? "

"She has a crazy notion. Wants to whitewash one of the black sheep of history. Anyway, ask your mistress——"

"She 's not my mistress, she 's my aunt."

"Okay. Ask your aunt if there 's anyone here name of Carlow. Our date is to-morrow, but she said she 'd be staying here."

I should have been ready with some crushing rejoinder. I should have been able to annihilate him as he sat there so smug over the tea that was much too good for him. I couldn't think of a thing to say.

He looked over his tray. "No jam? I 'm a great one for jam."

"I 'll get you some," I said coldly.

"And ask about the Carlow creature," he called after me.

WHEN I came back with the jam he had changed his mind. "I have a date with her to-morrow at the library. I came down a day ahead to strengthen myself with a breath of fresh air. We 'll let sleeping school-marms lie."

"Maybe she doesn't think so much of professors," I said.

"There 's something romantic about professors. They 're lovable—absent-minded—gentle—and learned. They shuffle picturesquely in their dusty gowns about the cloistered quietness of the great universities."

I became suddenly eloquent. "Lazy—plain lazy. While the busy school teacher is forming the young idea, inspiring the citizens of the future, setting the young feet on the path to greatness——" I stopped because I had run out of eloquence.

He looked at me curiously. "Who are you?"

"I 'm my Aunt Edith's niece. A poor orphan whom she calls Kitty." It was strictly true as far as it went.

"You 're fun, Kitty. Let 's go out together to-night and I 'll give you the real low-down on spinster school-marms. What can one do in this town?"

"You can dance on the pier—or play the slot machines—or go to the flicks—or if you 're hard up you can just walk up and down the promenade and chi-ike all the others who are just walking up and down the promenade."

"We 'll go on the pier," he said.

He took my acceptance for granted. He was arrogant and insolent and complacent, but I 'd go. I 'd get my own back. I 'd let him make a fool of himself and to-morrow I 'd crow and he 'd have to apologise. My motives were shocking, but human. Anyway, I wanted to go because he was good company.

AUNT EDITH was mildly surprised. "Be careful, dear. You 're young, Kitty, and men——" She left the sentence significantly unfinished. What Aunt Edith knows about men could be written on a postage stamp.

I shook my head regretfully. "He 's the sort of man a girl would be safe with on a desert island."

No girl really wants that sort of man, but he was all the man about the place at the moment. And though he had me tearing mad, I rather liked him. He would, I thought then, have made an excellent elder brother.

"I love piers," he said, as we crossed the road that evening to where festoons of coloured electric lights gave a false promise of uninhibited gaiety. "I suppose they 're no novelty to you. Don't you find this place a bit grim in the winter?"

"No." I had never visited Redcliff-on-Sea in the winter, and with God's help I never would.

"A contented mind, they say, is impervious to its surroundings."

(*Continued on page 57*)

When I got back, Neil had flown. "He seemed to be in a great hurry," said Aunt Edith

Lady Churchill, G.B.E., in the robes and insignia of Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire

The Title is DAME

This New Year the Queen bestows new honours upon women. Do you know what privileges these distinguished orders carry and what mode of address is correct?

by KAY SMALLSHAW

"EVERYONE contrived to leave out her title when speaking to her, I noticed," said my friend. "We all felt faintly embarrassed and not quite sure, I suppose."

She was talking of a distinguished woman who had been created a D.B.E.—a Dame Commander of the British Empire. If their fellow guest at that dinner had been a Knight Commander of the same Order, an exactly similar rank, he would have been called Sir John, or whatever his Christian name might be, without the slightest hesitation.

But how many of us wouldn't have fumbled in a like case? There are still so comparatively few women who have been admitted in their own right, and by virtue of their own achievements, to one of the two highest ranks in an Order of Chivalry that a good deal of uncertainty prevails as to what it all precisely means, what privileges are entailed and what mode of address is correct.

When a woman is made a Dame of the Royal Victorian Order or of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (the two Orders that admit women on equal terms with men) the feminine equivalent of a knighthood is in fact bestowed upon her. At an investiture she receives from the Sovereign the insignia of the Order as would a Knight. Like him she takes precedence because of the honour and can, if she wishes, add the circle and motto of the Order to her armorial bearings, should she possess any. Like him, too, she ceases to be a commoner, and just as he becomes "Sir" John instead of Mr. Smith, so her title is changed from Miss Smith to Dame Mary.

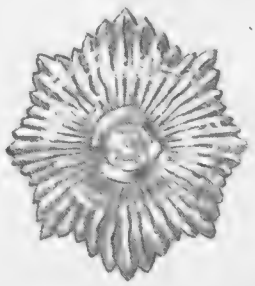
What, you may ask, will happen in the case of a married woman? As the honour is bestowed in her own right it is independent of her husband's rank. Should she be publicly known by her maiden name, as often happens with professional women, she will become Dame Mary (Smith) while remaining Mrs. John Brown. Which name she will generally be know by depends on the circumstances; probably sometimes the one, sometimes the other, depending on the occasion.

Should, however, her husband have a title of his own, of higher rank than hers, the Dame his wife will continue to be known by the courtesy title due to her through him. In this event, or when she herself is "already in enjoyment of a higher title" as the reference books put it, the appropriate letters are appended to her name, for example, the Countess Blank, D.B.E.

There is one well-known instance when a lady, holder of the highest rank in the Order of the British Empire, that of (Dame) Grand Cross, preferred still to be known as plain "Mrs." When it is revealed that the lady's husband was the best-known and most eminent commoner in the English-speaking world and beyond, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, Dame Clementine's expressed wish is not surprising! Now that her husband is a Knight of the first Order of Chivalry, that of the Garter, it has become formally correct for his wife to be addressed as Lady Churchill. In that courtesy rank she takes precedence of a Dame Grand Cross of either the Royal Victorian Order or the Order of the British Empire.

THE Royal Victorian Order, originated by Queen Victoria in 1896, honours "such persons as may have rendered extraordinary or important or personal service to Her Majesty, Her heirs or successors, or who have merited Her Majesty's personal favour." Originally the "persons" meant men only, but in 1936, the year immediately following the jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary, and perhaps, it is pleasant to think, as an indirect tribute to his "dear wife" by King George, the ranks of this order were opened to women.

Award of the honour is still confined, in the lower ranks, to doctors, nurses, members of the Royal Household staffs and others who have rendered personal service to the Sovereign or Royal Family and in the higher ranks to Royal secretaries, lords and ladies in waiting and so forth.



In the Coronation Honours List the Dowager Lady Airlie, Mistress of the Robes to Her Late Majesty Queen Mary, was the only recipient of the rare distinction of a Dame Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. Countess Mountbatten is one of the few other holders, as well as being also a G.B.E—Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire.

Another very well-known G.B.E. is the Dowager Countess of (*Continued on page* 53)

Counter Attack!

GET a few women together at this time of the year and it's a safe bet that, even before lamenting the price of meat or last night's TV play, they will become engrossed in—SALES. In fact, any January or July teaparty is liable to break into two factions: one swearing by sales and proudly giving examples of bargains, and the other who has "been had" and indignantly condemns all sales out of hand.

If Mrs. Jones says with the priggish satisfaction of someone who has cheated her own budget, "That purple suit of mine with the Dior look—why I picked that up at a sale for a mere song!" Mrs. Smith is bound to come out with a grouse: "Those two T-shirts for Jeremy—it's true I got them for the price of one, but both looked like barrage balloons after one wash! No, I always thought sales were rackets and now I know!" The two women will never see eye to eye.

As usual, the truth lies somewhere in the middle. There are genuine bargains, and there are genuine "have's." Sales are neither conducted entirely for the benefit of the customer, nor, every time a sale looms, do retailers rub their hands gleefully in wicked anticipation of robbing housewives of their husbands' hard-earned money. As one store-manager put it: "A sale is to us what spring-cleaning is to the housewife. We have a thorough turn-out. But instead of just moving the bookshelves and the beds, we have to move stock which should have moved itself!"

Moving stock simply means selling us the goods which the buyers bought for us. Even the best buyers make mistakes occasionally and misjudge the public's taste in hats and curtain materials. And customers are, to a certain extent, unpredictable. We make a run on one colour for weeks at a

The January Sales —they're here once more—and along with them the eternal question: When is a bargain a bargain?

by

RUTH MILLER

time and then, when harassed manufacturers have sent reinforcements, we won't as much as look at that shade. Then again, statisticians have worked out that normally we buy a coat one year and a suit the next, and retailers stock up accordingly.

But suddenly one year (this year!) we all seem to have bought a coat for the second year running, leaving rails bursting under unsold loads—so look out for suit bargains now! And of course there are always odd sizes and colours left: by stocktaking-time these "broken ranges" must be gone to simplify stock- and book-keeping and to make space in the stockroom for new goods.

Naturally, fashion is the fastest-moving stock. Hats remain in fashion often only for a matter of weeks—a four-months-old hat is a real problem-child. A three-months-old "exciting new" cocktail dress is older than a six-months-old classic suit, and a pair of paste earrings, a chic-but-crazy evening bag dates far more quickly than a tailored swagger. High fashion goods can, therefore, be the best bargains for those who aren't slaves to fashion but "know what they like"—or who can alter and adapt. Thanks to what experts call "fashion obsolescence," most of these high-fashion goods are marked down about fifty per cent during sales: prices come down until they are excellent value for quality.

THE grey twin-set, the shirt-maker dress, the slacks—these hardy annuals will appear in the sales because they are "ends of lines"—that is patterns, colours or qualities which either retailer or manufacturer will not repeat. These things will normally be marked down only by about twenty-five per cent. If the mark-down appears greater—ask the reason why! It may be a perfectly sound one: the goods may be (almost imperceptibly) shopsoiled or damaged, or "seconds"—but good retailers usually mark such articles for what they are.

"Seconds," especially from well-known makers, can be excellent buys. They are goods which, because of some technical fault in the manufacture, are not quite perfect. But whether it's a pair of nylons or a teaset—it is as well to look for the fault before buying! Patchily-dyed jumpers, too, if they are reliable makes, can be real bargains for anyone who wants a dark-coloured garment: the vilest puce or smog-coloured mustard will come out a perfect navy or black when dyed.

As far as household goods are concerned, it is technical advance and competition rather than fashion which makes goods obsolete. Take fridges, for instance. A perfectly good model at a reasonable price is brought out by firm A in September. In November firm B brings out a new model with one tiny new gadget at the same price. So firm A has to reduce its price—and a perfectly good fridge becomes a sale bargain. (*Continued on page* 53)

"Fashion obsolescence" may mean a fifty per cent saving for the lucky—and energetic—shopper

Should you marry a man with DUAL PARTNERSHIP the same vocation as yourself?

by IRENE STILES

ARE you married to an actor, a journalist, a portrait painter or a sailor? If so, the chances of your marriage foundering are, according to some statisticians, many more than if you had settled down with a bank clerk, a civil servant or an engineer. And if you and your husband follow the same profession, your chances of being happy are at once greater and smaller—again according to the profession, but even more certainly according to you.

Generally speaking doctors who share the double partnership of work and marriage live and work together in harmony. And it's easy to see why. A really conscientious doctor has far less of self-interest in his or her make-up than the rest of us.

But take two artists, writers or actors who must of necessity do much of their work at home. They will be hedged about with all manner of tremendous trifles which seem calculated to test the sweetest of tempers. The maddening "props" of their professions: canvases, paints, sketchbooks, files, papers, typewriters, scripts, have to be put somewhere. All may overflow insidiously into every corner of their home.

Consider next the personalities behind the partnership.

They may be two in close working partnership, like those happy playwrights Dorothy and Campbell Christie who have withstood the acid test of collaboration and emerged serene and triumphant. Or they may be two who each answer to the description of writer but who within this sphere express themselves in widely different ways. The more those ways differ the more the two working lives will be cluttered with impedimenta.

Indeed practising or being married to certain professions is very like having young children or energetic puppies always in the house. You never can be sure of any one room being free from their ravages. If there is a place where decks are occasionally cleared for action the male member of the partnership will be there with some great work impending. For let's face it, the husband fares better in these matters.

In study or studio he cultivates with greater gusto than his wife the ruthless, one-track mind. His ivory tower is upheld by his family's profound belief that if his talents are to flourish they need time, peace and quiet, a good supply of cigarettes, frequent cups of coffee and a wife in the background to protect him from interruptions.

But who shall protect her when she too practises the same art or profession? As one famous woman portrait painter once said: "Every artist—man or woman—needs a wife," if by wife we mean someone to darn socks, sort the laundry, mind the baby and prepare meals. For "the pencilling mama" as Alice Meynell's children called her in an earlier day, usually has to compromise by sandwiching her writing between at least some domestic duties.

That's the way of it and the wise wife accepts the fact without resentment, remembering that after all her partner is very often the main breadwinner and on that practical issue alone deserves his larger share of consideration. All the same an understanding husband never takes his wife's "protection" for granted or gives grounds for her occasional protest to mount into grievance.

LOOKING back nearly ten years over a double partnership in which a writer husband has embraced everything to do with furnishing—from devising a contemporary homes exhibition to editing an encyclopedia—I think the furnishing competition era was the one that most nearly undermined our partnership.

In a misguided moment the suggestion was made to the editor of a national newspaper. He hailed it with enthusiasm. Every one of his readers was a homemaker, he contended. Nearly all would wish to try their skill at interior decorating and furnishing. He was right.

Entries, small, large and colossal were submitted in their teeming thousands and re-directed all too promptly by a heartless editorial staff to the Stiles's country cottage. Apart from rousing the suspicions of an already overworked postman who thought we were embarking on a kind of mail order bazaar, we very nearly lost the services of a faithful daily help whose fears for our sanity now began to increase. After only a few days there was not a cupboard in the house which could be opened without bundles of entries falling out (*Continued on page* 55)

This Way Madness

by

JOHN BONETT

This was living in despair... How lucky she was to have Philip to help her....

Illustrations by H. G. THORNTON-JONES

"DO you mind if I turn the radio down, dear?" he asked. "It's blaring a bit." She realized that he had been asking her something and guessed at the meaning with the eager sensitiveness of one who knew that her husband disliked having to repeat what he had just said.

"Of course not, darling. I'm sorry I didn't notice it was so loud."

He gave the knob a twist so that the music came to her as from a great distance.

"Horns of Elfland faintly blowing," she said to herself sadly.

It had come upon her slowly, almost stealthily, that she was growing deaf. At times her hearing seemed quite normal; she could, for instance, always understand what Tam, the postman said. But then Philip had once remarked that Tam shouted so loudly that conversation with him was a penance.

She could still hear the birds. The morning lark and the thrushes, the goldfinches that had nested in their plum tree —those seemed as clear and lovely as they had always been.

Often, however, she could scarcely hear Philip and felt compelled to make wild or intuitive guesses at his words. And how often she was wrong. But how patient and understanding Philip was. How kindly he would put her right. Or sometimes he would just say that he had been chattering about nothing, and then, foolishly, she would worry about what he might have said. But it was easier not to ask, because when he repeated it she still would not always quite catch the whole sentence, even when he spoke slowly, making his lips and tongue form the sounds so carefully.

How lucky she was to have Philip. Few men would be so kind. Her deafness must be almost as frustrating to him as it was to her. It brought an invisible barrier between them. The little private jokes, the easy exchange of ideas, the

One day Philip brought a small message block, to use only when he had something really important to tell her

Her hand was raised to strike. He caught her wrist. "Get out of here, you prying beast," she sobbed

half-tones, the hundred and one intangibles that are a part of married life, were lost for him as much as for her. Poor Philip.

He was speaking. She strained forward and caught the words "another docker." That couldn't be right. Oh, of course—doctor. She smiled.

"No, darling. I don't think I could. Dr. Garbutt said three months ago that there was nothing organically wrong. I'm sure it will right itself very soon."

I couldn't bear to go to another specialist, she was thinking. While I can still believe that there is no disease I can tell myself that the trouble will pass, that suddenly I shall hear perfectly.

"I WISH we didn't live in such an out-of-the-way spot," he was saying, and this time each word came to her distinctly, though Philip looked as if he were speaking in his normal voice. "You don't see anyone except old Tam. Would you like to have someone to stay for a bit?"

It was lonely in the Earith Valley, but they had chosen the tiny, solitary house so that he could write in quiet surroundings and regain the health that life in London seemed to have sapped. He was getting into his stride again and soon the book would be finished. Meantime her income was more than sufficient to keep them in reasonable comfort.

At first when they came to the Valley there had been several people to talk to; the butcher and the baker who called

every Wednesday, and the pleasant, weather-beaten woman who came round in a jeep with fruit and vegetables. But too often in bad weather, they had not come and she had had to rely on tinned foods, which Philip did not care for. So now he drove the four miles to the village each morning and bought what was needed and picked up the can of milk from Low Farm.

She wished now that she had learned to drive; but deaf people can be dangerous to other drivers. Not that Philip had suggested this to her. He was too thoughtful, too anxious not to hurt her. He had mentioned, however, that their car was not an easy one to get the hang of and that the road to the village was not very safe, especially where it turned sharply by Outhwaite Tarn. He had skidded there more than once in wet weather. Sometimes she thought he was inclined to be reckless.

A little more loudly Philip asked: "Would you like someone to stay here for a bit?"

She was touched by his kindly insistence. "No, darling, not just yet. I'll ask Mary when the weather's warmer. It's so cold and wet now, and she's never really happy in the country unless the sun is shining."

As the long months passed by she unwillingly realized that her affliction was becoming worse. One day Philip brought back from the village a small message block from which the writing could be erased by a quick wipe with a cloth. He made use of it only when he had something really important to communicate. But each appearance of the little block drew the curtains of deafness infinitesimally closer around her.

With the passage of time Philip had to resort to it more often. She strove with all her might to hear him, and the sheer, dreadful physical effort of doing so began to affect her health; she became easily hysterical and scarcely slept at night. He brought her sleeping tablets, and at first these gave her rest. But within a few weeks she found with horror that she was taking three and sometimes four at a time, and with a will-power that she had not thought to possess she locked the little blue bottle in a drawer and gave Philip the key.

ONE morning she told him that she had steeled herself to see Dr. Garbutt again.

"I'm very glad, dear," he said. "I'll telephone from the village today and make an appointment."

When he returned with the shopping he reported that Dr. Garbutt was away at a medical conference and that he had arranged with the receptionist for the doctor to see her tomorrow afternoon. "By the way, I met an old Cambridge friend in the village. He's on sick leave and staying at High Fell. I'd like to run over for a chat after dinner, if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind," she said. "Is it anyone I know?"

He answered but she did not catch the reply.

After dinner he drank his coffee hastily before she had touched hers. She fetched his coat and scarf and helped him to put them on. Then with a quick kiss he left and she heard the car start up and go down the lane.

She switched on the wireless and looked at the programme in the *Radio Times*, but before the set had time to warm up there came a knock at the front door.

The young man who stood on the step was very apologetic.

"I'm on a walking holiday," he said, "and I've lost my bearings in the dark. Can you put me on to the road to Earith?"

She took in his pale, lantern-jawed face and solemn look. He seemed honest and dependable.

"It's only about four miles," she said, "but the way is a bit complicated. Come in and I'll show it to you on the map."

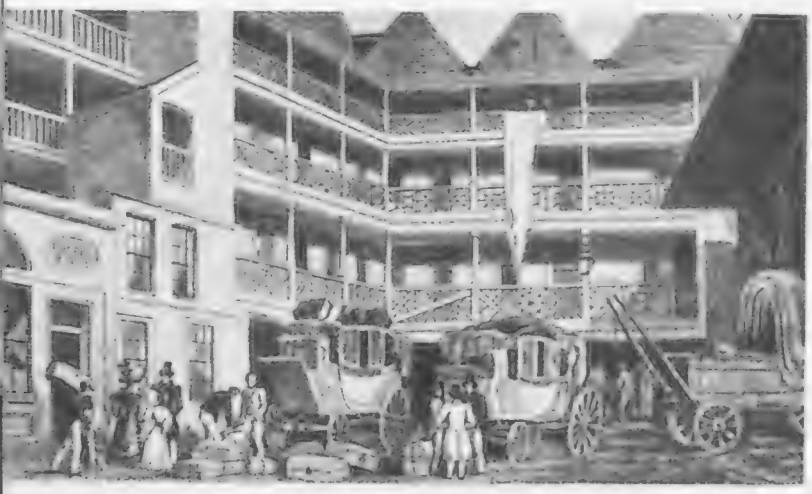
He went in, shedding a heavy haversack in the hall.

"You'd like a cup of coffee, wouldn't you?" she asked. "I've just poured this out. Please drink it. I'll put the pot on and when I've found the map I'll join you."

"It's very kind of you," he said and picked up the cup. But when he had taken one sip he put it down again and looked oddly at her.

"Is anything the matter?" she queried anxiously. (*Continued on page* 58)

To think of inns is to think of half-timbered antiquity. Here is the Mermaid at Rye, a picturesque example of the posting-house of coaching days with mail-coach gateway to the courtyard



Prominent in the early independent inns were the great courtyard and gallery. *Left* (centre): the old Bull and Mouth inn, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London. The pilgrims' inns of Shakespeare's day provided the pattern of London's first theatres. Here is the Globe Theatre, Bankside, as it was in the poet's day

Let the world wagge,
and take

Mine Ease in Myne Inne

by
MARTIN THORNHILL

THE scene is a commonplace: a mixed company at ease in the panelled, soft-lit dining-room of an English inn. It is on or near the high road, probably, and the rumble of passing traffic, muffled by curtains and the tinkle of cutlery and glass is the background to our conversation. Pleasant to think as we sit there, that we are in the direct tradition of our ancestors who accepted hospitality in the guest-houses of the old monasteries or, later, in pilgrims' inn or posting-house.

Yet there are differences—differences in our favour—for once the inn was not only a place of rest and entertainment, it was primarily a sanctuary when travel was slow and night journeying a danger. And, for its origins, the Holy Land gives us the clue. The Palestinian inn was not, however, an inn in either the modern or medieval sense. It was neither a community centre, nor did it supply food or refreshment. It was, in fact, merely a place which provided a night's primitive shelter for travellers (who brought their own provisions) and their beasts of burden.

Various Bible contexts give an idea of the sort of resort that it was—a gated courtyard with a well, surrounded by simple sleeping chambers, baggage store-rooms and stables. Its size would be determined by the volume of traffic normally expected. At the time that Joseph and Mary sought accommodation, there was an area census in progress, and everybody was journeying back to the neighbourhood where he belonged. Thus the inns or khans were all full, and the best that could be offered to the two late-comers was a shakedown in one of the stables.

Travel increased with the times, and in response to the demand, many a khan, adding space and adapting its premises, turned itself into a caravanserai for the

When safety was more important than ease, and people thought nothing of sleeping twelve in a bed

accommodation of caravans and caravan trains. English links with this term survive in the sign of *Head Suray* which one sees on a few old inns that must have borrowed an abridgement of the Eastern epithet. It meant, of course, the head, or chief, inn.

There must have been inns in England for as long as there have been roads ; they were, in fact, introduced by the Romans (who had very likely borrowed the system from their near-Eastern associations) as resting-places, or *taberna*, while building their great highways in Britannia. Of these early hostelries and the later wayside Saxon alehouses unhappily no concrete evidence remains, though stories associated with some of them are preserved in local histories, and a few signs survive to link ancient *taberna* sites with the present inns which occupy them.

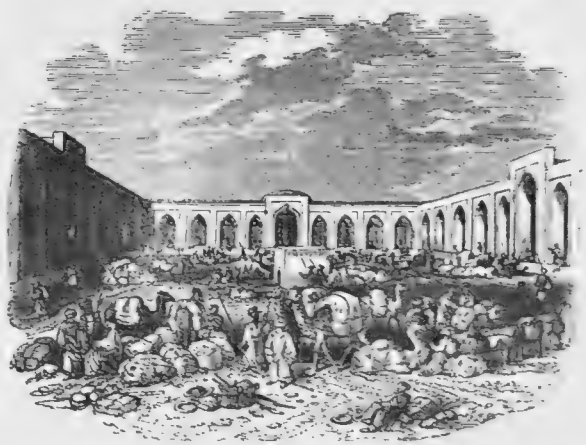
Chequers is one ; the Romans are said to have brought the game Chess here in some form. And at several points on the old Roman roads one finds inns bearing the old Chequers sign ; probably innkeepers along the Roman ways used to hang out a chessboard to persuade workers and travellers to come in and "have one," along with a game. Also tied to the Roman occupation is the still extant sign of *The Naked Boy*. For centuries the nude infant Bacchus (god of wine in Roman mythology) has been portrayed in carving or paint on houses purveying wine.

The earliest English inns of which actual remnants remain are the guest houses of the monasteries, such as Tintern and Fountains Abbeys, where the friars brewed ale and fished the adjoining streams. These are easily identified by such names as Mitre, Angel, Star, Golden Cross, Lamb, Cardinal's Hat. They offered the only shelter for miles, and their primary function was rest and refreshment for the pilgrims journeying from shrine to shrine of the better-known saints.

AS travelling increased, there appeared inns which were independent of the monasteries. These provided the service and sanctuary which were almost vital to the changing times. Roads were wretched and unpoliced, so progress along them was slow and travel by night inadvisable. Thousands now slept every night at hostelries which boasted a large common-room, a dormitory for the poorer clients and a few bedrooms where well-to-do travellers could sleep with their expensive belongings while their servants kept watch without.

Perhaps the best example of the earliest of the independent inns was *The Tabard* in Southwark, made famous by its use as the starting-point of Chaucer's pilgrims for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. The first hostelry at the Canterbury end of the route was the still flourishing *Falstaff*. One can imagine pilgrims' relief on reaching its welcoming shelter, which many did after (*Continued on page* 57)

Little more than a century ago hotel guests customarily shared not only the same room but the same bed. This one, the great Bed of Ware, belonged to the Saracen's Head at Ware, and was afterwards preserved at Rye House



The "inn" of Biblical times—providing a night's primitive shelter for travellers and their beasts of burden. Generally it was a gated courtyard with a well, surrounded by simple sleeping chambers, store- and baggage-rooms and stables

Canterbury pilgrims at the Tabard, Southwark, an inn famous for its use as the starting point for Chaucer's pilgrims for the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. The first hostelry to greet the weary pilgrims at the Canterbury end of the route was the still-flourishing Falstaff

The Duke and Mr Barleycorn

by

SHEELAGH PARKER

Illustrations by HAILSTONE

THE yellow horse was objectionable from the very beginning. Mr. Barleycorn had ordered it to be brought over to the meet for him, and while it was still being led around it had seemed quiet enough ; just an ordinary, thinnish sort of horse, with its mane bundled into little pigtails and feet like soup plates.

Mr. Barleycorn mounted it with difficulty from a wheelbarrow kindly lent by the fellow at the ironmonger's on the corner, and as soon as he was up the yellow horse stopped looking thoroughly bored and began to whisk its wispy tail round in a circle and walk backwards.

When kicked, it backed rather faster if anything, and as Mr. Barleycorn dared not get off again, the best he could manage was to try and steer the creature in a harmless direction—difficult enough, as the square was full of other people and horses—and try and behave as though it wasn't happening.

He nodded to Colonel Thompson of the orphanage committee as he passed, and politely raised his bowler as he backed away from Mrs. James, his best customer. On the whole, however, he found his attention fully taken up with the difficulty of facing one way and going another, and he began to feel considerable sympathy for the Boat Race crews.

Alice's idea had been that Mr. Barleycorn should move about a bit among the crowd at the meet, so as to get them (and by them she meant the Duke) used to thinking of him as a hunting man. She could see him there, welcomed by all, a cheerful, popular figure.

Unfortunately it was the yellow horse and not Mr. Barleycorn who was recognised on all sides, and it did not seem to be at all popular.

" Here 's that old chestnut screw of Billings' out again," observed one bowler-hatted lady to another across Mr. Barleycorn's front.

This did not sound exactly welcoming, but Mr. Barleycorn argued that the worst part of it was intended for the horse, and raised his bowler politely in acknowledgment as he backed solemnly away.

He was within striking distance of a display of saucepans when hounds moved off, to his considerable relief, and he trotted on humbly at the tail-end of the cavalcade. (*Continued on page* 56)

Once again he wished that if Alice must get

these crazy ideas she would carry them out herself

Picasso, admirer of Mme. Delacroix's painting, inspects her latest work, "Antibes." Below: Success as a painter has not altered Mme. Delacroix's way of life. Here she is in her kitchen

The painter stands at the front door of the ancient house on the ramparts of the little town of St. Paul where she has spent all her married life

The Sewing Woman

by

JOE HOLLENDER

This is the story of Emilienne Delacroix, housewife and sempstress, who late in life is painting pictures connoisseurs acclaim as masterpieces

View of St. Paul by Emilienne Delacroix

# of St. Paul

UNTIL three years ago, Madame Emilienne Debernard, middle-aged housewife of the Riviera hill village of Saint Paul, used her kitchen for the orthodox purpose of preparing the family meals, rolling pastry dough, ironing the family washing and making shirts for her neighbours, who included many members of the artists' colony for which Saint Paul is celebrated.

Today, she uses her kitchen as a studio and the kitchen table as her easel for painting the pictures which earn her as much as 100,000 francs (about £100) each, certainly not less than £50 each for the smallest.

To own a picture by Emilienne Delacroix (she reassumed her maiden name when success came her way) rates one as a connoisseur of modern painting and a shrewd judge of future art values, for the paintings of Emilienne have become the vogue in Paris, Switzerland and America, particularly in America where she is called "the French Grandma Moses."

Although Emilienne has never heard of the little old lady of New England who, like herself, has reached great eminence as an artist, she has this in common with Grandma Moses; she never had a lesson in her life and she (*Continued on page* 60)

Madame Delacroix's painting may not be everyone's idea of a valuable work of art, but forty years ago no one imagined that the National Gallery would buy this Cézanne at so fabulous a figure

PATCHWORK

by Margaret Whitford

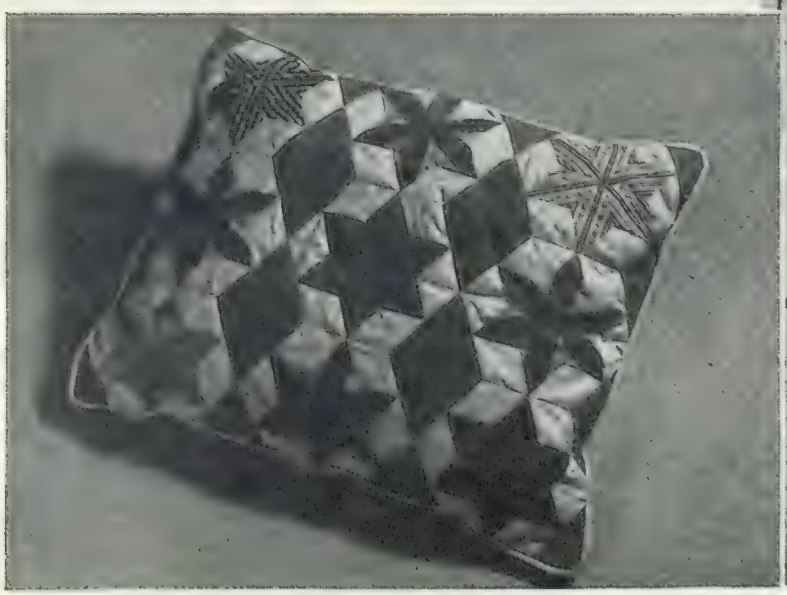
This is an article for all needlewomen who have been disappointed, so far, in their own attempts at patchwork

PROVERBIALLY, great oaks come from little acorns, but, of course, the reverse is also the case; the war has left us quite a lot of minor sports and pastimes to beguile our leisure. A disregard of uncomfortable sleeping conditions (which has made overnight attendance on processional routes a national habit), a now rapidly diminishing fashion for the nostalgias of Trollope, and a passion for patchwork, might be cited as three of these minor results of the stresses of war.

It was not, as a future social historian might reasonably guess, the exigencies of make-do and mend that introduced so many to the pleasures of patchwork. The fashion for patchwork skirts and boleros, the climax of fabrics that simulated patchwork, came—with fashion's own stern logic—long after the abolition of clothing coupons.

Patchwork became fashionable again because people discovered anew how soothing it can be. There is something about the way in which each side of your hexagon, diamond, triangle, or what have you, fits snugly into a neighbour (always provided, of course, that you are using a good template and haven't scamped the preliminary stages) that meets a desire in the human mind for pattern and rhythm. There is a great deal, too, to be said for a handicraft in which you can always see exactly where you are (which is where patchwork scores over knitting), which can be taken about in small sections (no matter how big the projected masterpiece), and which can be picked up and put down every few moments without the quality of workmanship being affected. All over England there is many a dim tea-cosy and other amateurish bit of patchwork—I write feelingly, gazing upon the disappointing kitchen hearthrug I have not the heart to destroy—that testifies to the first fumbling revivals of the craft.

NOWADAYS, of course, one realizes that it is not enough to sort one's materials with care, to make each set of seven hexagons a delicious pattern in itself, and then join up all the sets so that every semblance of design disappears. One realizes, above all, the immense importance of "plain" hexagons to set off the patterned ones. Needlewomen who aspire to admiration for their (*Continued on page* 52)



Below are two examples of patchwork based on geometric patterns which are effective and simple enough for the average needlewoman to attempt. It took thirty years to assemble the right materials for Miss Colby's quilt, "High Summer," shown in colour

"He can't even touch his toes. I watched him. He only got down to . . ." Charles illustrated solemnly, "here"

A Father for Charles

by

BETH DUTTON

Illustrations by SAWYER

HILARY LEEDS went to the window to see if Charles was in sight, coming home from school. He wasn't, and she glanced at her watch. Maybe she was looking for him too early. She was out so often in the afternoons that she didn't know his schedule very well.

Turning back to the living-room, she took up a magazine, but after a moment put it down again. She couldn't keep her mind on anything since that telephone call asking her to go and see the headmaster as soon as possible.

She moved restlessly about the long room, mechanically adjusting things that were already exactly in place. What the child had been up to she couldn't imagine. Twice lately he had come home slightly the worse for wear, but most boys fight a little and Mr. Wellington surely wouldn't want to see her just about that.

This was the first time since the divorce last spring that anything serious had come up about Charles. And now that she was solely responsible for him she did want to be careful to do the proper thing in every way.

So far as routine upbringing went, she wasn't afraid. With all the modern methods she had studied, she knew she was on safe ground. But none of her rules covered this call from school. It was really John's fault, for he had always taken care of the crises. Whatever he may have been as a husband, he was a very good father.

This was probably just a phase with Charles. She certainly hoped it was, and she didn't want to aggravate it by scolding. How would she begin, anyway? Come to think of it, she had never spoken really seriously to him about anything.

She frowned. That sounded like the wave-of-the-hand method by which her mother had brought her up, and Hilary had determined to be different.

Divorced twice, widowed twice and married again, her mother had managed her by a sort of efficient remote control. Hilary could see her now, sitting up in bed in the morning, bedjacket a froth of rare lace—"Take Miss Hilary to the doctor for her regular check-up. And this is dancing-class day. Do this . . . do that. . . ." Then she would leave on her never-ending whirl and the big house would stand heavy with its emptiness and the dawdle of servants who didn't care.

Hilary pushed aside the quick thought that maybe she was more like her mother than she realized. She certainly wasn't. She had, it was true, had nanny for Charles until he went to school, but Hilary had been conscientious about her son from the day he was born.

She went again to the window and there was Charles, lagging with the weight of his seven years and his school-bag. It seemed fantastic for her to feel suddenly self-conscious, but she did.

She tried not to clutch at the few moments it would take him to come up to their second-floor flat, moments that would give her time to go over what she would say. The thing to do was to be relaxed.

Then there was the doorbell and, in a moment, the voice of the laundryman's daughter, who was relieving for the regular maid.

"Well, big boy ! you home?" Kate was not as correct as Clara had been trained to be.

Big Boy may have nodded or something, but he didn't answer, and Hilary saw him anguidly crossing the wide entrance hall towards his room.

"COME here, Charles." He came like a snail, just inside the living-room. "Take off your cap, dear. Aren't you going to say hallo to mother?"

"Hallo."

Hilary reached for a cigarette, then changed her mind. She had been smoking too much lately. But it would have given her something to do with her hands, which, ridiculously, shook a little. Charles looked so very like his father—slender, blonde, solemn in the same detached way.

She sat down on the couch, reminding herself to take it easy. "What have you been doing at school?"

He swung his bag desultorily, seeing how close he could get to a brocaded chair without hitting it. "Nothing," he said finally.

"I know, but what else?" Hilary hadn't meant her voice to sharpen, but this was getting them nowhere. "Have you been fighting again?"

"No."

With his left eye looking like that !

"In class?" Hilary persisted.

"Not *in* class."

"Charles ! Stop sidestepping the issue. It's a serious matter when Mr. Wellington sends for me. Have you been fighting in class?"

"I told you, Mother, it wasn't in class ! It was in the corridor. And I didn't fight either. I just batted a couple of kids over the head." (*Continued on page* 50)

"I've been frantic to see you," he said. "Mother-r-r . . ." It was Charles's voice from the steps

Private Affair

By GUY LIVINGSTON

DO modern women make good diarists? All those nice new Christmas-present diaries that are even now taking over their 1954 tour of duty in countless handbags, suggest that day-to-day memo-making has become an indispensable feminine habit. But jottings of hairdressing appointments and lunch-dates do not add up to a diary; and it is doubtful if the brisk pace of modern living lends itself to the kind of spacious journal that women of more leisured ages found time to write.

Queen Victoria, Fanny Burney, Caroline Fox, the Ladies of Llangollen, Dorothy Wordsworth, Jane Welsh Carlyle and a score of others kept diaries that have thrown a light, more or less intimate, on themselves and given a detailed picture of the social, political, literary and domestic life of their day. But no diary has a more revealing or romantically personal touch than that of Miss J., the young woman who had such a curious platonic affair with the elderly Duke of Wellington.

Beautiful, well-connected and zealously religious, Miss J. became interested in the Duke (her interest being connected with an urge to convert him spiritually) when she was twenty and he was sixty-five and recently widowed. And from the time she first wrote to him and sent him a Bible in 1834 until his death eighteen years later, her diary was full of this strange association.

At first the Duke seemed strongly attracted to this personable young woman who showed such concern for his soul. "Oh, *how* I *love* you," she records him as saying at an early meeting. And soon afterwards, she writes in her journal: "During the next visit from the Duke he exclaimed, speaking of his feeling for me, 'This must be for life!' twice over successively. He then asked me if I felt sufficient for him to be with him a whole life, to which I replied: 'If it be the will of God.'"

FLATTERED, maybe, at this declaration from such a glamorous hero, Miss J. started to get romantic ideas about him that she had not had before. But as time passed and she found herself no nearer to becoming a Duchess, she began to feel slighted. "I should have considered," she records, "I conferred as high an honour on the Duke in bestowing my hand as he would in receiving it, of which he was well aware."

Sustained by meetings and an endless stream of correspondence, the friendship went on, its progress being closely noted in the diary. It had its ups and downs, and sometimes when (*Continued on page* 55)

Dorothy Wordsworth, Jane Welsh Carlyle (left) and Fanny Burney (right). Each had a fascinating social entourage to observe, and a personality to colour the revealing entries in their diaries

HANDLE WITH CARE

GRAND HOTEL

ANIMALS ONLY

by

ROGER FULLER

A fierce-looking K.L.M. "passenger" waits in a wash-bowl at the Amsterdam animals' hotel. **Above, left,** B.O.A.C. stewardess Daphne Henry gives one of a pair of British Saanen kids a drink from a feeding bottle at London Airport

"MONKEYS should be talked to from time to time in the air to prevent boredom." This is a typical excerpt from instructions given to modern air stewardesses and women ground staff of a leading airline now that the transport of animals, birds, reptiles and fish has become really big business in commercial aviation.

It has been found that the aircraft is an ideal means of transport for live animals. On account of the short travelling time and the careful handling, the animals arrive at their destination in excellent condition. Sometimes the aircraft is the only possible conveyance, as, for example, the transport of day-old chicks. These fluffy little creatures cannot exist for more than forty-eight hours without food, so rapid transport is essential. Special air-conditioning equipment provides sufficient oxygen.

In fact, the latest figures compiled by B.O.A.C. show that every third "passenger" carried is a living creature of one sort or another. Because of the huge traffic in livestock, special transit "hotels" for their comfort and convenience have been built at Schipol (Amsterdam) and London Airport and special manuals of instruction have been printed for the guidance of personnel handling this traffic, from which even a keeper at the zoo might learn a lot.

A large proportion of the staff handling livestock both in the air and on the ground are women. Stewardesses fly on all K.L.M. planes, whether carrying passengers or "live" freight.

As a recent load from Calcutta to Amsterdam consisted of 400 monkeys, three tigers, four leopards, a 16-feet cobra and four baby elephants, the stewardess in question no doubt found the manual of instructions of great use, when it came to preparing meals for her various charges. According to the book, the menu for orang-outangs, for instance, includes bread and butter, jam or honey, and a lump of sugar as an appetizer.

In addition, she would have made sure that she took on an essential supernumerary member of the crew in the shape of a white

Lion cubs are no novelty to K.L.M. crews. These two kept strictly to themselves; but elephants, surprisingly, like a white hen for company

(*Right*) Dogs are, of course, important passengers. They get adequate exercise at the hostels before resuming their flights

It is first-class passenger comfort for the animals who travel these days in airborne Noah's Arks—with special transit "hotels" provided

hen, for it has been found that elephants are never restive when flying, provided they are accompanied by such a feathered friend.

Elephants apparently find these unusual "mahouts" of absorbing interest, particularly when, as often happens, they lay an egg and burst into their routine chant proclaiming the achievement.

The R.S.P.C.A. air hostel at London Airport was built to ensure the happiness and well-being of animals in transit by air.

It came into operation a year ago (January, 1953) and since then has entertained more than 250,000 guests.

At the hostel, from whatever part of the world they come, animals can be unloaded, given fresh clean quarters, under quarantine conditions when necessary, can be fed, watered and—most important in the case of dogs—exercised; and kept warm and happy until the time for resuming the journey arrives. Here, too, air sickness, wounds and broken bones can be given attention with all the aids of modern veterinary science.

To dress a wound or set a fracture obviously presents great difficulties if the patient is a leopard or large ape. For this reason there is an array of strange pieces of apparatus, such as the specially designed operating cage for large carnivores.

For the really sick or injured, there is a fully equipped veterinary unit, with pharmacy and operating theatre capable of dealing with any creature.

Considerable attention has been given to the feeding problem, for the list of species conveyed by air covers many closely printed pages and has by no means reached the limit yet. The feeding of some may be so out of the way that their meals have to be specially brought by air or obtained from special sources.

As the premises are under H.M. Customs and Excise control, unauthorized persons have no access to livestock, and there is consequently no likelihood of harmful feeding by misguided well-wishers.

Without doubt these days, animals who travel in airborne "Noah's Arks" are given first-class passenger comfort.

Feeding presents one of the big problems in animal transport by air. Stewardesses get accustomed to providing for the wants of all shapes and sizes of animals, birds and snakes —including even giant tortoises and their young

Treasure on your Bookshelf?

By
MURIEL SEGAL

FROM time to time, a small paragraph in the paper reports spectacular sums paid for rare books at Christie's or perhaps Sotherby's. Whenever I read of these deals I rush to search my bookshelves and the boxes of books stored away, always hopeful that somewhere, amongst the old children's annuals, textbooks and snap-albums, I will come upon an original Shakespeare MSS signed and dated. But alas, it is not there. Actually, of course, few of us will ever find a treasure of such great value in the family bookcase. But there *is* a chance of finding books which will sell for five, ten or twenty guineas. It might well be a work of no interest to the owner, but in some demand amongst collectors.

Few of us, outside the book business, can know the value of our old books or whether, indeed, they have any value at all. But many are the small fortunes which have been carted off in a load of old books by the second-hand dealer for a song, and discovered long afterwards by the expert browsing amongst dusty piles in the junk shop.

An established dealer will always give the seller an idea of the market value and—well, a fairly reasonable price, if not quite what we should like to receive. For instance, a woman who took her books to a famous dealer explained that she was moving house and really could not keep the family's old schoolbooks. She had packed the textbooks from the schoolroom shelves into suitcases and would be glad of anything she could get for them. The dealer glanced through them and lifted an eyebrow at a small volume of very dull looking, mathematical problems. The owner fidgeted. "I know they aren't worth much," she said.

"On the contrary," answered the expert. "This, dear lady, is a first edition of one of H. G. Wells's very early books on mathematics." Of course there was no fortune in that. In fact, she got five pounds for it, which was far beyond what she had expected for the pile.

Foyles, who handle literally millions of books, have many such stories to tell. A customer brought in a load of "worthless" books, amongst which (*Continued on page* 54)

The books in the picture on the right represent a few among those which are now in some demand by collectors. Details of these specimens lent by Foyles are given at the end of this article. (Colour photograph: Deighton Wilkes)

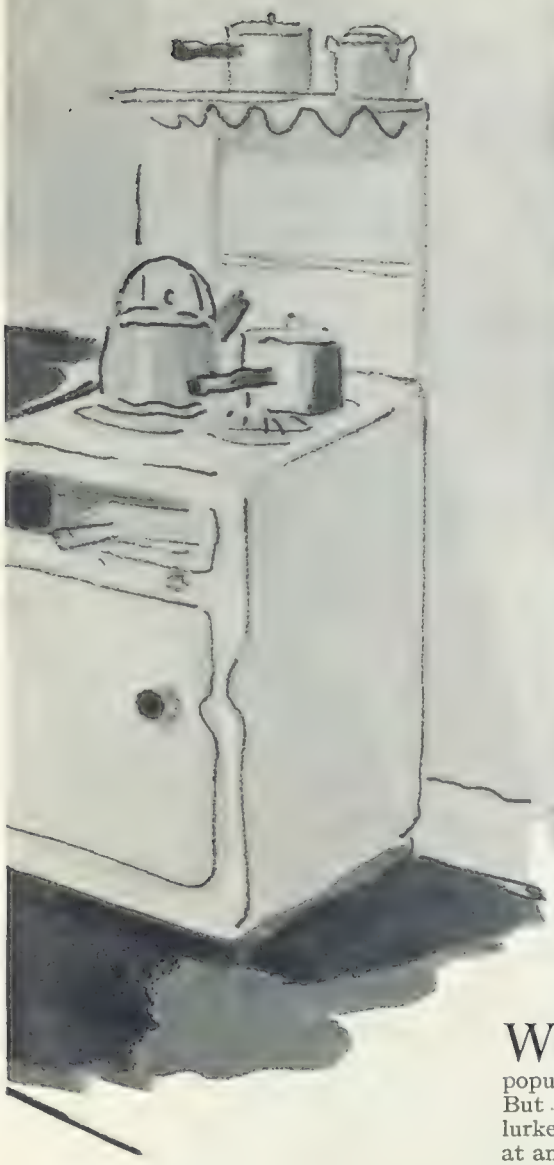
Books containing old colour prints, especially flowers, are steadily increasing in value. The example on the left is rom one of a set of six old books that were picked up for five shillings and are now worth five pounds.

Amateur with a Paint Pot

Colour schemes that will bring new life into a jaded kitchen —and new paints, new ideas to help you

by

MICHAEL SHERIDAN



Illustrations by TAGE WERNER

So often the "heart of the house"—the kitchen—is unnecessarily drab and unattractive. Gay and unusual, the colour schemes opposite would be practical alternatives for almost any kitchen, and none is beyond the powers of the amateur decorator. Matching tones for floor and cabinet work-tops are suggested in the main picture; and in the smaller centre sketch the floor colouring is repeated in the boiler surround and the cupboard interior

WE all know what happened "when father papered the parlour." And a score of old-time, slap-stick comedy films have warned us graphically of what is popularly supposed to happen when the amateur gets his hands on a pot of paint. But I sometimes suspect that behind this whole music hall tradition must have lurked an astute publicity man in the pay of the professional decorators. For painting, at any rate, is one of the few jobs at which the amateur can rival the professional, if not in speed, certainly in results.

So vast have been the strides in paint manufacture since the war that it is tempting to say that whatever the problem a coat of the right type of paint will solve it. Certainly, there is paint to cure damp, paint that automatically makes bad walls "good," paint that prevents condensation, paint that makes concrete floors as easy to maintain as tiles, and paint that spells sudden death to any fly that settles on it.

Add to all this the tonic effect of a coat of paint, the high cost of professional decorating and the fact that the newer paints are the answer to an amateur's prayer, and who would hesitate?

But let's make a preliminary tour of inspection, starting at the bottom with floors. That concrete floor in the kitchen or larder, for example, that defies the most diligent efforts to keep it dust-free. A coat of a prepared concrete hardener which is available in either "clear" or red will make it *permanently* non-dusting by sealing the surface. Almost better for normal purposes and considerably less expensive would be the concrete floor paint supplied by the same makers. This will give the floor a smooth, tile-like surface, easily washed and polished, which will probably last about three years. But in addition to its practical advantages it will give the dreariest kitchen a lift if you choose, for example, buttercup yellow or light green.

Or perhaps the problem is shabby lino whose pattern is fast disappearing into an unprepossessing blur? Give it an entirely new surface with a couple of coats of another branded paint made for the purpose which, incidentally, is also suitable for concrete floors. This paint dries within a few hours and if polished immediately will make no more demands on you—except for routine sweeping—for several months.

In living-rooms and bedrooms convention seems to demand that wooden floors are "stained" in so-called timber colours. Yet a coloured floor is the perfect foil for a few gaily patterned rugs, and a coloured surround will pep (*continued on page* 53)

Take your choice from . . .

An accessory suite for a coat or suit in ocelot coney—about £8. Pieces sold separately. Dickins & Jones, London

It could be ermine. In fact it is nylon and satin lined. At Dickins & Jones. 14 guineas

Fur

for your selection

Shaded like beaver. Tescan Twilight beaver lamb. About £59. Marshall & Snelgrove, London

MORE than ever this winter you need fur. You need it to give that extra touch of well-being; you need it for fashion's sake because fur appears *on* everything and *with* everything this winter, and again, obviously, you need it for sheer warmth.

If you can think in terms of mink you and your cheque book can decide the issues of individual choice without much need of aid. But if you must make the best show at the least cost this selection may help you to find *your* fur at the right price.

Progress in the furrier's art applies no less to the cheaper than to the costly skins and means that lamb can create a very creditable illusion of its costlier relations (the Mincella lamb stole and the Tescan Twilight beaver lamb coat are typical) while perfect styling endows the more moderately priced marmot with the elegance of mink.

. . . ermine, ocelot, coney, beaver . . . mink, marmot, lamb . . .

Photograph : Michael Williams

Stole for day or evening in Tescan Mincella lamb striped like mink. About 20 guineas. Swan & Edgar

Marmot worked like mink, and with the elegant styling of the costlier fur. Price £165. National Fur Company

C. S. Forester adds yet another chapter to the saga of his redoubtable Nelsonian sea-captain in **"Hornblower and the Atropos"**

January reading

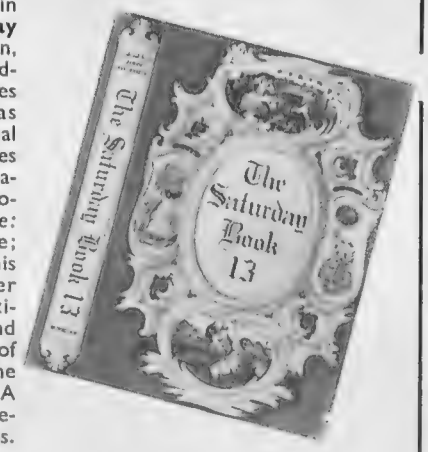
by

TREVOR ALLEN

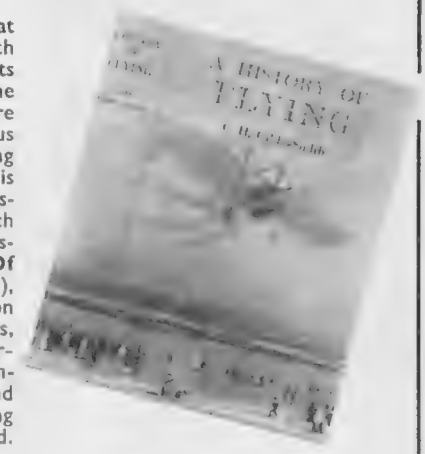
IF good stories, humour and charm of style make the travel book, we must award the palm to Swedish journalist Olle Strandberg, who covers India, Siam, China, Hawaii and Tahiti in **"Tigerland And South Sea"** (Michael Joseph, 18s.), well translated by M. A. Michael. In India he tells not only of tigers but of outgoing maharajahs, including the "talented lunatic" of Alwar who forbade road and railway building to avoid disturbing game, used live children as tiger-bait (quite safely), poured petrol over polo ponies which displeased him and set them alight, and never removed his gloves, to avoid contact with unclean whites. In Macao he met an ex-Saigon sampan girl who became pirate queen of the South China Seas, leading her band with "Come on, my yellow hearties!" His Tahitian discoveries, no less realistic, even scathingly debunking, round off a most diverting odyssey.

AN ELEGANT TRIO

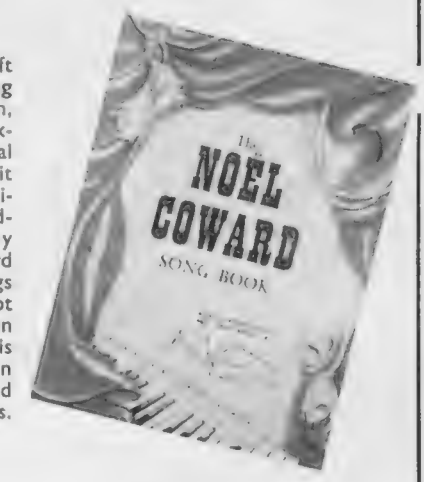
Handsome as ever in format is **"The Saturday Book 13"** (Hutchinson, 25s.) edited by John Hadfield. Illustrated features include Old Christmas Cards and other seasonal relics; Cézanne landscapes and still life; dragons, sea-serpents, cardinals; Hogarth's *Marriage-à-la-Mode:* the Amy Robsart riddle; "Monk" Lewis and his bloodcurdlings; Walter Potter, the Victorian taxidermist of Bramber, and his quaint tableaux of stuffed animals; and the usual distinctive fiction. A unique feast, with something for all gourmet tastes.



Balloon flight came at the end of the eighteenth century, aeroplane flights at the beginning of the twentieth ; but long before that, man, from Icarus down, was experimenting with flying devices. It is the story of these, fantastically illustrated, which fascinates in C. H. Gibbs-Smith's **"A History Of Flying"** (Batsford, 21s.), though the tale wings on through our own triumphs, right up to the interplanetary rocket, with emphasis on the men behind the machines. An inspiring chronicle, expertly told.



For elegant bookcraft **"The Noël Coward Song Book"** (Michael Joseph, 35s.) could not be excelled. It has a vital frontispiece colour-portrait by Clemence Dane, exquisite colour and black-and-white illustrations by Gladys Calthrop, a Coward preface to the 51 songs telling us how he could not help composing tunes even had he wished to. This album, a milestone in British light music, should last as long as the tunes.



Mother of five, Australian Ruth Park, has also written four novels. Her latest: **"A Power of Roses"** —a story of family life in a tenement by Sydney Bridge

Sebastian Snow's account of his journey down the Amazon from source to mouth is no line-shooter. He set off with inadequate money, equipment, and knowledge of country and language. He admits only *en passant* that in crossing streams by narrow, slippery tree trunks he was handicapped by a metal plate in his hip, inserted after a grave football injury at Eton. **"My Amazon Adventure"** (Odhams, 15s.) was a triumph of youth over countless other handicaps, too, and makes good reading.

Paul Townend, having quitted a post with a London publisher, started from Quebec with $150 to hitch-hike across Canada to Alaska, working his passage with odd jobs. **"Amateur Hobo"** (Hale, 18s.) is so jaunty in style that one is liable to overlook the valuable data he collects *en route.* It is hard to believe that his "worst moment" was when he went on to Hollywood and spilt peas into Bette Davis's lap at dinner. There were others, on the Yukon and elsewhere, to make this 20,000 mile trek an adventure.

When Frederick A. Cook claimed to have reached the North Pole in April, 1908, Peary, who (*Continued on page* 54)

Wayward Adventuress

Piquant, fascinating, Moll Flanders is a heroine of fiction some think to have been a real person

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

Story by JOHN W. HERBERT

LIFE in the seventeenth century could be tough for a friendless girl with a Newgate background and only her wits and a pretty face to help her. While she was young there were the temptations of smooth-tongued admirers, with their presents and their promises that might or might not lead to marriage. And as (single, widowed or maybe deserted) she grew older and the men faded out, there remained a career of petty crime to keep her from starvation—with transportation if she was caught. All this was more or less the fate of the comely Moll Flanders, whose "Fortunes and Misfortunes" Defoe so graphically detailed in the novel that took her name.

No famous heroine of fiction is more candidly drawn than the wayward, adventuress Moll. But hers is, after all, a cautionary tale, to be "applied to virtuous and religious uses." And did not Defoe round off her chequered career satisfactorily by contriving her final repentance? Not only that: he endowed the contrite transgressor with a new-found prosperity.

So lifelike is Moll Flanders and so circumstantial her story—told as an autobiography—that the query has been prompted: Was she a real person? Defoe hinted that she was, and that he had deliberately changed her name and style of writing to hide the lady's identity. But probably this suggestion was all part of his aim to give piquancy to her tale.

Born in Newgate of a mother convicted (and later transported to Virginia) for stealing, Moll came as a baby into the hands of gypsies and then found herself

at Colchester where, after being cared for by a kindly old woman, she went, aged eighteen, into service with a rich family. And here, being made love to—for she was an attractive lass—and deceived by the eldest son of the house, she was launched on her unhappy career.

Flattered by the attentions of this " gay gentleman " and gratified by his gifts, she yielded to his advances. " Thus," she says, " I gave myself up to ruin without the least concern, and am a fair memento to all young women whose vanity prevails over their virtue." And when from her lover came no hint of marriage, poor Moll—or Mistress Betty, as she was called in the household—saw herself as lost. But she was luckier, perhaps, than she deserved ; for her bright eyes and pretty face had attracted the younger son, Robin, too ; and now Robin came forward as an honourable suitor to ask her hand.

Moll had no love for Robin, but she was a calculating minx ; and to save a tricky situation she married him—only to be widowed by his death five years later.

Thereupon, without sorrow or sentiment, the young widow reckoned up her assets : " I was now left loose to the world, and being still young and handsome, as everybody said of me, and I assure you I thought myself so, and with a tolerable fortune in my pocket, I put no small value upon myself." Determined to get some fun out of life, she plunged into wild company and the society of " men of mirth and wit "—though ever with a watchful eye for a likely husband.

And soon along he came, a gentleman-tradesman who, well-bred, presentable and apparently wealthy, seemed the ideal partner for her. And so she married husband No. 2.

But alas, the paragon proved a spendthrift and a coxcomb, whose extravagant goings-on soon landed them in Queer Street. One day, proposing an expedition, he said : " I have a mind to look like quality for a week ; we 'll go to Oxford." Whereupon, decked out as titled folk, they set off grandly from their London home to the seat of learning in a coach-and-six, complete with postillion and two liveried footmen and escorted by an attendant and page on horseback. At Oxford they lorded it around the sights, cut a dash among the college fellows with a cock-and-bull tale of sending a nephew to the university and got home after a twelve-day jaunt that cost close on £100.

Living on that scale soon ruined them ; and in two years the draper was bankrupt. So in mutual amity they separated ; and Moll, her funds much depleted, became once more a " widow " and took lodgings near the Mint. Amusing herself in the shabby ale-house company of debtors and vagabonds who haunted the lanes and alleys of this unsavoury district, she noted " that those that could

Moll and her second husband—an extravagant tradesman—decide on a trip to Oxford, masquerading as nobility

Married again, Moll set sail for Virginia, only to be "frighted twice with dreadful storms" and pirates

not pay half-a-crown in the pound to their debtors would yet find money for a supper, if they liked the woman." And it seemed that they liked Moll Flanders.

But soon Mistress Moll, mindful of her shrinking purse, was on the hunt for another partner—preferably a man of substance. And when her eye fell on a prosperous sea-captain with a property in Virginia, she used all her wiles on him and got her man. With him she took ship to America, to enter, it seemed, upon a new and better life.

The voyage, however, was a bad start. Moll describes herself and her companions as "frighted twice with dreadful storms and once with what was still more terrible, I mean a pirate, who came on board and took away almost all our provisions." Never was she more thankful than when the ship sailed up the placid waters of York River, Virginia.

Poor Moll! No happiness, after all, awaited her in the New World. The marriage failed and she found herself once more back in England, still in search of the security that seemed ever to elude her.

And so to Bath, where once again she set up as a "widow," genteel and temporarily impoverished, and made a conquest of a rich and kindly gentleman who, though he could not offer her marriage, extended her his friendship and set her up in fine rooms at Hammersmith. Six years their association lasted and then they parted—and Mistress Flanders was once more on her own.

ONLY the hardest-hearted could deny poor Moll pity—for she wanted desperately to be done with dubious living and settle down with a good man in domestic bliss. "I was now," she says, "a loose, unguided creature, and had no help, no assistance, no guide for my conduct; I knew what I aimed at, and

what I wanted, but knew nothing how to pursue the end by direct means. I wanted to be placed in a settled state of living, and had I happened to meet with a sober, good husband, I should have been as true a wife to him as virtue itself could have formed."

But all the same, Moll would have preferred her "sober, good husband," when she found him, to be well endowed with cash: and this striving after a fine catch led her into as nice a trap as could be conceived.

Making her way to Lancashire, she met an Irishman whose rich manner of living convinced her of his wealth.

Moll, of course, was immensely attracted; and he seemed dazzled by her charms. Only after they were man and wife did she discover that he was a man of straw, a fortune-hunter like herself.

Sadder but wiser, Moll left this last and most plausible of partners and returned to London, to lodge in Clerkenwell and reflect on her unpromising state. There was one way of improving it—to go through a form of marriage with an old admirer, a bank clerk.

But in a few years this felicity was rudely shattered by the good bank clerk's death; and now unlucky Moll, a "widow" yet again, with hardly a penny to her name and not a friend to turn to, threw the last vestiges of her respectability to the winds and became a thief.

Passing an apothecary's shop in Leadenhall Street one day, she saw lying on a stool in front of the counter a small bundle wrapped in a white cloth. No one was about, and she was tempted and fell. She seized it and raced with it through the streets to her lodging.

Bitterly self-reproachful though she was after this first descent into crime, poor Moll found herself unable to keep straight. Ranging the busy shopping-streets of London, she became an expert sneak-thief, shoplifter and pickpocket.

BUT justice finally overtook her. Moll was caught red-handed and marched off to Newgate, to be tried in due course and hear the dread sentence of death passed upon her. But through the kindly ministrations of a clergyman, to whom she expressed repentance for her misdeed, she found herself sentenced instead to transportation.

Fate now began to smile on the ageing Moll. In the convict ship bound for Virginia, Moll met again the smooth-tongued adventurer from Lancashire (himself a convicted highwayman) and the sea-captain's convenient death enabled her to acknowledge their marriage. She found that her mother (transported to Virginia long ago and since dead) had left her a plantation worth £100 a year, and so the declining years of the errant, much-tempted woman were graced by repentance, comforted by security and a legal marriage.

Moll's quest for money led her eventually to the life of a sneak-thief. One day she was caught red-handed . . .

How to Plan your

DREAM HOUSE

by

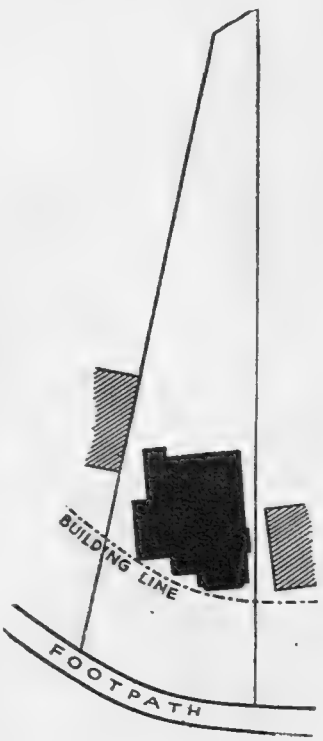
H. DARKIN WILLIAMS

Planning a dream house is an inexpensive hobby, and when the time arrives to turn dreams into reality, your amateur efforts might go some way towards reducing building costs

DON'T be deterred by technicalities. No special technical knowledge or skill is required for the kind of planning described here. If it comes to house-building, then, of course, you will require technical help. But this will cost you far less, and benefit you far more, if you have first of all taken up house-planning as a hobby.

Most people have some idea of the sort of house they would like for their own. "Something like this," they will tell you, and seizing a piece of paper, make a rough sketch. This is the wrong way to begin. What you want is a medium-sized drawing-board, a T-square, some drawing-pins, a pencil not too hard, indiarubber and a scale rule, preferably an architect's scale showing 8 ft. to the inch.

Drawing-paper is expensive; a rather large school drawing-book will provide you with the necessary sheets and save you money. For the very first stage a sectional pad, scaled to eighths of an inch, is useful.

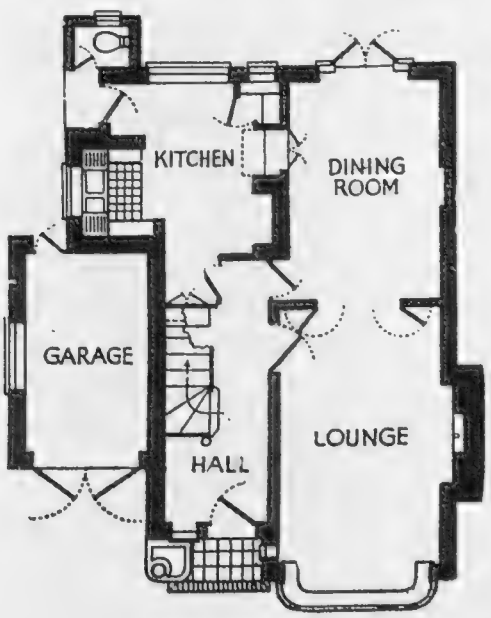


First of all, think of the sort of house you would like to live in, the number, size of rooms, etc. Roughly outline it on the sectional pad: if it is promising enough, start away with your sheet of paper on the drawing-board. From the first draw true to scale. Don't cheat.

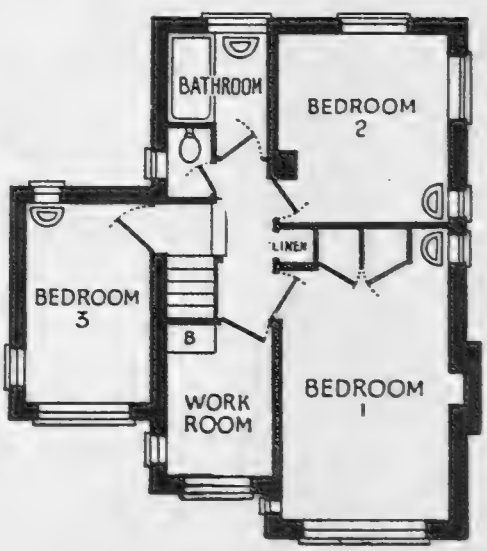
Here is some elementary technical information: Cavity walls, for the outside, are 11 ins. thick: allow 1 ft. Inside walls of brick can be 4½ ins.: allow 6 ins.—the plastering will make up the difference, or nearly so.

The ideal economic unit for a building is a cube: width, depth, height, corresponding. This, of course, is impracticable, therefore we take an oblong. The narrow span represents the span of the roof, determining the height of the same. A simple oblong, with not too wide a roof-span, represents the most economic type of building.

For a first exercise, try to get your building into a (*Continued on page 55*)



The difficult site mentioned by the author—and his planning of the house to make the most of the narrow plot of land, and provide best views from the principal rooms. Picture at top of page is of a modern house at Tunbridge Wells (Architect, Brian Peake).



First

Steps

. . . to a beautiful complexion

YOUR complexion has suddenly developed a host of troubles which make you despair of ever again having a clear skin? The first step towards regaining a perfect complexion is to diagnose the cause of the trouble. Then you will know what to treat and how to treat it.

Are you a case of chronic dry skin? You are if your troubles run something like this: red, roughish patches here and there, with a general tendency to flake over the whole face. The skin feels "tight" after washing and there is a tendency to line around the eyes. The only make-up foundations which do not go "porey" as soon as they are powdered are the very greasy ones which clog. These are symptoms of an over-dry skin, and treatment calls for a revised diet and an emollient beauty routine to deal locally with the complexion deficiencies.

Perhaps your main complaints revolve round the problems of make-up. You cannot get your make-up to stay matt for more than an hour. The skin seems increasingly lifeless and sallow and the pores much coarser than they were. If this is so, then yours is a greasy skin and treatment must aim at coaxing the skin back to a more natural rhythm before make-up problems will disappear.

Or perhaps you have a bewildering array of symptoms which seem to contradict each other. You have at one and the same time the texture of a greasy skin and the other symptoms of a dry skin. If so, you belong to one of two categories, the acid skin or the "combination" skin.

First, the combination-skin type. The centre panel of the face—forehead, nose and chin—are characteristically oily, with a tendency to open pores and difficulty in keeping make-up matt. The rest of the face is normal enough in texture, but tends to dry and flake if any attempt is made to tackle the pore problem with astringents. In this case, each area must be treated separately according to its type until both are normalised; then it can be maintained with an all-over treatment.

The second category of these seemingly contradictory skins is the acid type. The skin is generally rather dry, but with a definite coarsening of the pores. Any attempt to refine the skin in the normal way exacerbates the dryness. Very often the skin is blemished with hard, white, subcutaneous spots, concentrating mainly around the eyes. These spots cannot be confused with ordinary spots, as they are not inflamed, but are most persistent and remain lodged below the skin surface for months before they disappear. This type of skin will not be normalised until the acid condition has been tackled with an anti-acid beauty routine.

THERE is much confusion about acne. One spot, even a few spots, do not necessarily imply acne. Adolescent acne, whether it occurs at fifteen or persists until twenty-five, is always characterised by a tendency to pronounced blackheads, over-greasiness and a rather sallow "thickness" of the skin. Treatment for adolescent acne aims at reducing the greasiness in which the germs flourish. A spotty skin, not accompanied by the characteristics of acne, should be treated with a prophylactic beauty routine—or it *might* develop into acne.

Then there is the sensitive skin, which is most often the older woman's problem. A sensitive skin is very fine in texture and chaps easily. It flushes painfully easily with any hint of indigestion, or even with changes of temperature. The skin is almost transparent and is fretted with tiny red veins on nose or cheeks. Treatment for this type of skin aims at keeping it moist and nourished, and a protective make-up is an important part of treatment.

If you have recognised your own problems here and would like to follow up the diagnosis with correct treatment, write to us for a beauty routine specially devised for your skin type. Or if you are still undecided about your skin category, send full particulars of your problems to Chrysis for advice. Letters should be accompanied by a stamped envelope and addressed to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

Margaret Sharp . . .

Musts for the House

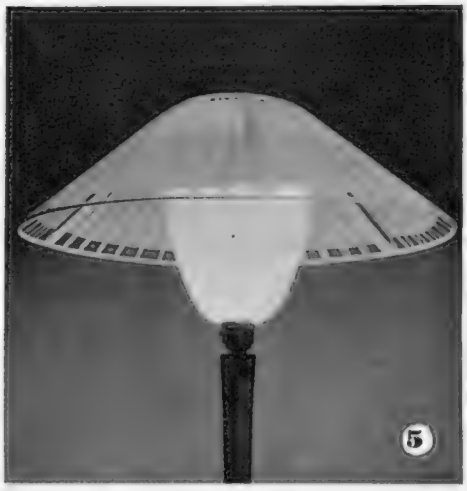
. . . takes you Shopping

1. For gayer kitchens—a Harlequin set of mixing bowls in Pyrex ovenproof glass, 2-pint blue, 3-pint yellow and 4-pint green, from Harrods, London, S.W.1, price 24s. 3d., postage 2s. 3d.

2. The top of this porringer, made in cream glazed earthenware, is handsome enough to appear at table ; at John Lewis's, Oxford Street, London, W.1, price 35s. 6d., postage 1s. 6d. A white vitreous enamel pastry-board, which stands securely on rubber feet, price £1, post 1s. 3d., from Civil Service Supply Association, Strand, London, W.C.2

3. Irish linen kitchen cloth, printed with a lively design of culinary herbs, at the Civil Service Supply Association, 4s. 11d., postage 6d.

4. All air is extracted from this food container by a pump built into its base, thus creating a vacuum in which cheese, bread, cakes, salads will remain fresh and moist indefinitely : from Harrods, price 39s. 11d., postage 1s. 9d. A self-draining sink bowl from Jacksons, 171, Piccadilly, London, W.1, costs 14s. 6d., postage 2s. ; in polished aluminium, it stands on a rubber ring base which makes a water-tight connection with the sink surface. When the vacuum is broken merely by lifting the bowl, the water drains away, leaving the contents high and dry



5. Made to fit any lamp, this scientifically-designed shade gives a good light without glare ; an open-topped diffusing bowl covering the electric bulb softens and spreads the light evenly, while the wide shade reflects it downwards on and around the book. Stocked by Oetzmanns, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1, price 49s. 6d., carriage 3s. 6d.

6. White Copeland-Spode cigarette box and matching ash-tray, decorated with copies of hunting scenes by Herring ; from Harrods, the box is 66s., the ash-tray 11s. 6d., postage is 1s. 9d.

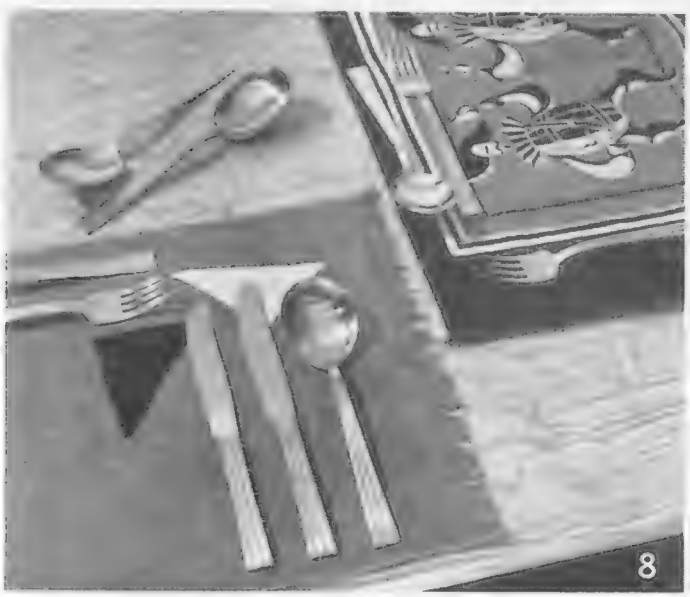
Margaret Sharp chooses . . .

Specialities

. . . for the House

If you would like further details of Margaret Sharp's shopping finds this month, please write to her, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, at "Britannia & Eve." Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

7. White plates individually painted by Thomas Swimmer, with designs of Spanish peasant life or any personal theme, each costs 10s. from 103 Lansdowne Road, W.11



8. This new stainless steel tableware has a pewter-coloured satin finish: dinner knives 41s. 6d. for six; dinner forks, 37s. 3d.; other pieces pro rata, postage 1s. At Liberty's

9. Both tiers of this trolley, hinged down the centre, fold quite flat; when folded on one side trolley serves as bookshelves. £9 15s. 6d., carriage 2s. 9d. Harrods

News for Needlewomen

A graceful work-box stool, covered in linen of contemporary design and lined with plain fabric to match the rubber-tipped painted-metal legs in colour; top of the hinged lid is padded with Dunlopillo to make a comfortable seat; from Liberty's, £5 15s. 6d., carriage 10s.

ONCE again haberdashery counters are stacked with materials and sewing aids to delight the heart of the needlewoman.

Milward's self-threading needles, which have been on war service at St. Dunstan's, will be welcomed by sewers whose sight is not keen. The needles are grooved at the top and the metal between groove and eye-hole is split so that once the thread is laid in the groove it can be pulled through the split into the eye. A packet of five needles of different sizes costs 6d.

Recently I have seen in the stores limited quantities of fluffy silken marabou, a trimming much sought-after for bed-jackets because it stands up so good temperedly to repeated launderings. It is on sale in six pastel shades at about 7s. 11d. a yard. Another old friend it is good to see again is ostrich trimming, in black or white, at roughly 15s. 11d. a yard.

The *Clydella Baby Book*, which has recently appeared in stores and on bookstalls, price 1s. 6d., deals with the planning of children's clothes from the time they are born until they are four years old. Beginning with the layette, the additions which become necessary month by month are carefully listed. While everything necessary to health and comfort is included, there is no hint of extravagance. The book includes suggestions for ready-to-wear as well as home-made clothes. Inside is a midget *Clydella Sewing Book*—size 6 inches by 4 inches—which in twenty pages offers easy-to-follow advice on how to set in sleeves, make collars and buttonholes, and cope with other problems in making children's clothes.

For knitters there is a new range of inch-wide facing ribbons, just the right weight for keeping the edges of hand-knitted cardigans taut and flat and for making a solid foundation for buttonholes. In thirty colours to match popular knitting wools, it costs 8d. a yard.

Half-a-crown will buy a handsome silk tidy, which positively prevents embroidery silks in workboxes from twisting themselves into a tangle past unravelling.

The tidy is designed as a book with stiff covers and four "pages." Each page has six sizeable grooves cut in both top and bottom edges, so that six skeins of silk can be wound separately round each.

An Erika Harrison design

Lace-ply Dolman

Five oz. of Marriner's Finessa are required to make this dolman-sleeved jumper. It is worked on No. 12 and No. 14 needles at a tension of 19 sts. and 28 rows to 2 ins., measured over the stocking stitch. The directions are for a 34-36-in. bust

THESE abbreviations are used throughout this pattern : k. = knit ; p. = purl ; st(s) = stitch(es) ; st.st. = stocking stitch ; rep. = repeat ; in., ins. = inch, inches ; inc. = increase ; tog. = together ; t.b.l. = through back of loops; m. 1 = make 1 st. ; m. 2 = make 2 sts. To make a st. between 2 k. sts. bring the wool forward, between 2 p. sts. take the wool round the needle, between a p. and a k. st. take the wool over the needle. To make 2 sts. bring the wool forward and take it once completely round the needle.

THE BACK

With No. 14 needles cast on 134 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row.—Rib 7, * inc. once in the next st., rib 6 ; rep. from *, ending rib 7 instead of rib 6 (152 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and st.st.

Work 2 ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 174 sts., then 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 210 sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 296 sts.

Cast on at the beg. of next and following rows, 3 sts. 14 times, 5 sts. 6 times, 6 sts. twice, and 20 sts. twice (420 sts.).

Commence pattern.

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—K.

3rd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog., t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

4th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1 ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

5th and 6th rows.—K.

(*Continued on page 59*)

Closeweave Bed-jacket

Many bed-jackets are too lacy to be warm. This one has been designed in closeweave stitches, on hug-me-tight lines

THE abbreviations used throughout this pattern are: k. = knit; p. = purl; (w.r.n. 2) twice = wool round needle twice for two stitches; (w.r.n. 3) three times = wool round needle three times for three stitches. *Note*: when knitting back on these stitches, the extra loops are dropped, thus leaving the same number of stitches. T 8 = twist 8, as follows, slip stitches on to a spare needle, pointed at both ends, and leave on front of work, k. the next two stitches, and then k. the two from spare needle, slip next two stitches and leave behind work, k. next two, and then k. the two slipped stitches; sts. = stitches; rep. = repeat; beg. = beginning; tog. = together.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 132 sts. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 28 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and p. 1 row.

1st patt. row.—K. 52, * (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7; rep. from * once, k. 52.

2nd and alternate rows.—P. 52, k. 28, slipping off extra loops; p. 52.

3rd row.—K. 52, * k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice; rep. from * once, k. 52.

5th row.—K. 4, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, * (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7; rep. from * once, (k. 8, t. 8) three times, k. 4.

7th row.—As 3rd.

9th row.—As 1st.

11th row.—K. 12, (t. 8, k. 8) twice, t. 8, * k. 7 (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice; rep. from * once, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, k. 4.

12th row.—As 2nd.

Rep. the 12 patt. rows 6 times more. To shape armholes, cast off 8 at beg. of next 2 rows and k. 2 tog. at each end of alternate rows until 112 sts. remain. Continue on these until 9 patts. in all have been worked above ribbing.

Next row.—* (W.r.n.2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7; rep. from * to end.

Next row.—K.

Next row.—* K. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice; rep. from * to end.

Next row.—K. Rep. the last four rows 7 times.

In the next row, cast off the 42 centre sts. for neck, and continue in patt. on the remaining sts. on either side for two more patts. Cast off shoulders.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 66 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 28 rows. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—* P. 14, p. twice into the next st.; rep. from * three times, p. 2, rib 4.

1st patt. row.—Rib 4, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 59.

2nd and alternate rows.—P. 52, k. 14, rib 4.

3rd row.—Rib 4, k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 52.

5th row.—Rib 4, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, k. 4.

7th row.—As 3rd row. **9th row.**—As 1st row.

11th row.—Rib 4, k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (k. 8, t. 8) three times, k. 4.

12th row.—As 2nd. Rep. the 12 patt. rows 6 times more, and the 1st row once more. To shape armhole, cast off 8 at beg. of next row, and k. 2 tog. at that end of alternate rows until 60 sts. remain. Continue on these until 9 patts. in all have been worked.

Next row.—Rib 4, * (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7; rep. from * to end.

Next row.—K. until 4 remain, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, * k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice; rep. from * to end.

(*Continued on page* 60)

The materials required for the bed-jacket are 7 oz. Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. Springtime 3-ply Super Botany Fingering; 1 yd. ribbon and two buttons. Worked on No. 13 and No. 11 needles the directions are for a 36-in. bust. Details of the stitches used are shown below

Not So Humble Fare

by

JANET DARBY

ONCE upon a time (and this is *not* a fairy tale!) we thought of liver or kidneys as very secondary food! That was before the days of rationing, of course. Nowadays liver proudly takes its place on the most exclusive menu, while kidneys are no longer relegated to an auxiliary position in a beefsteak pudding. They are food—and delicious food—in their own right. They always were, but we didn't realize that in our days of innocence: those golden, prewar days.

But tripe, lights, pig's fry, heads, hearts, brains! No, Madam! This is not a comprehensive curse. It is, in fact, a list of delicious meats, when skill and care are brought to their preparation. A brief article can hardly do them justice, but I can at least indicate what delights lie beyond our ken.

Take tripe, for instance. Take 1 lb. of it, in fact. I shall do no more than mention Tripe and Onions, which is not everybody's favourite, but how well-loved by its devotees! But Tripe à la mode (de Caen), or Tripe Lyonnaise, or Trippa di vitella fiorentina—dishes for gourmets, all three!

Tripe à la Mode

For this delicious dish you will need:

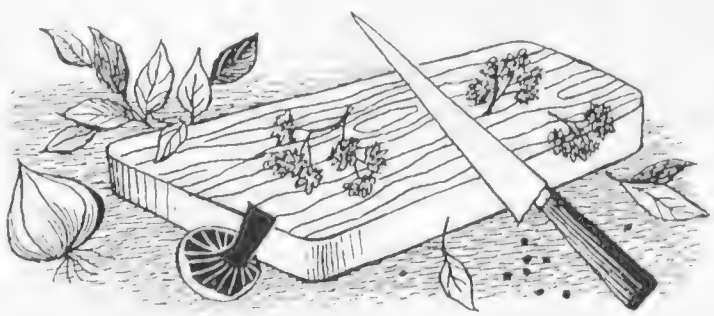
- 1 *lb. tripe*
- 1 *large onion*
- 2 *carrots*
- 1 *small stalk celery*
- *Seasoning, and a few cloves*
- 1 *leek*
- ½ *teaspoon each parsley and thyme*
- 1 *small bayleaf*
- 1 *teacup white wine or cider*

Take the piece of tripe, uncut, cover with water, bring quickly to the boil, and throw the water away. Then cut the tripe into thin strips, put into a pan with the onion stuck with cloves, the herbs, and the rest of the vegetables cut into strips. Add the cider or wine, then the seasoning. Put the lid on the pan—it should be a close-fitting lid, so that none of the flavour is lost—and simmer for at least 2½ hours. It should not boil, but only move gently throughout.

Tripe Lyonnaise

- 1 *lb. honeycomb tripe*
- 1 *clove garlic and 1 green pepper*
- 1 *onion*
- 1 *tablespoon olive oil*
- 1 *cup tomato juice*
- 4 *oz. mushrooms*
- 1 *cup breadcrumbs*
- 1 *tablespoon Tarragon vinegar*
- 1 *tablespoon butter or margarine*

Cut the tripe into narrow strips and leave it to soak in the vinegar and oil for half an hour. Melt the butter in a casserole, add the chopped onion and brown lightly. Then add thinly sliced mushrooms, cook for a few minutes longer. Remove the vegetables from the pan, stir into the remaining liquid about a dessertspoon flour, and when smooth add the tomato juice, stirring over the heat till it thickens slightly. Remove the casserole from the heat, and place into the sauce in layers the tripe, the chopped green pepper, the breadcrumbs, and the mushroom/onion mixture. Crush the garlic clove and add it. Make the top layer breadcrumbs, season with salt and pepper, pour the vinegar and oil marinade on top of all, cover, and cook gently for two hours.



Now a dish from Florence. You can use either honeycomb or blanket tripe for it. Wash it well, boil in salted boiling water to cover for about thirty minutes, then drain, cool, and cut into thin strips. You will now want:

Frippa di vitella fiorentina

- 2 *tablespoons olive oil*
- 1 *tablespoon butter or margarine*
- 1 *slice bacon (preferably unsmoked)*
- 2 *cloves garlic*
- 1 *small teaspoon marjoram (or mixed herbs)*
- 1 *large onion, sliced*
- 2 *cups stock or water*
- 3 *tablespoons tomato sauce*
- ¼ *lb. cut macaroni or shell macaroni*
- 2 *cloves*
- 1 *teaspoon celery seed*
- 1 *sliced carrot*
- ½ *cup white cooking wine or cider*

Mix the oil and butter and heat together in the saucepan. Add the bacon, cut into strips and fry till crisp, then add crushed garlic, herbs and onions and cook for five minutes. Put in the strips of tripe and cook for another ten minutes. Add the wine or cider, the stock or water, and the tomato. Stir the mixture well, cover, and cook slowly for one hour. Add salt to taste. Cook the macaroni in a separate pan of boiling salted water twenty minutes before the tripe is ready, drain thoroughly, and add to the tripe, stirring it in well. Serve with grated cheese.

Lights

Cats and dogs love them, of course, and thereby show that they, in their own way, know a good thing when they taste it. So will you, cooked in this fashion: Take 2 lb. lights and cut them into fine strips. Sprinkle them with a little lemon juice. Then

take a little bacon or pork fat, melt in a saucepan and add two tablespoons flour. Add a little chopped parsley, the grated rind of half a lemon, a small piece of fat ham or bacon, chopped into cubes, and a medium sized chopped onion. Stir well, then add the shredded lights, enough stock, or hot water and Marmite, just to cover. Season with salt and pepper, and simmer for 1½ hours. Five minutes before serving you can, if you wish, add half a wineglass of red wine.

Warning: Don't tell your menfolk what they are about to eat. Let them eat and appreciate it before you make your revelation. Men tend to be conservative in matters of food, and it would be a shame if, because of this tendency, they missed the opportunity of tasting this delicious dish.

Hearts

Stuffed with a savoury stuffing, we all know hearts. But have you tried a prune and apricot stuffing? Sprinkle the heart cavities with salt, stuff with the fruit, previously soaked and chopped, and bake in the usual way.

But the Magyars have a very nice way with this meat. Any sort of heart can be used—in fact ox heart, which is usually easy to get, is probably better than most. Whichever you use, it must be thoroughly washed, then sliced. Put in a pan with a little water and cook it slowly until it is soft, which will take about an hour. Take two rashers of streaky bacon—tinned bacon will do—cut into strips, dice one turnip, one onion, one potato, and shred two or three stalks of celery; a few sliced mushrooms, too, or even mushroom stalks. Season to taste with salt, paprika and red pepper, and finally add three peppercorns and a bayleaf. Cover and simmer till the vegetables are soft—another half-hour. Then add a teaspoon of brown sugar, half a wineglass of red wine or wine vinegar, and a couple of tablespoons of sour or sweet cream. Stir round quickly, and serve hot. The name is unpronounceable, but the food is a pronounced success!

Pig's Fry

We need go no further than our own North Country for the following dish, which is simple and good, and deserves a prominent place in our list of not so humble fare. Parboil two pounds potatoes. Drain and leave till cool enough to handle. Then slice them and the pig's fry. Take one onion, one tart apple, and slice both. Grease a piedish and put first a layer of potatoes, then a layer of pig's fry, then a layer of onion and apple mixed. Season with a sprinkling of dried sage, pepper and salt. Another layer of potatoes, pig's fry, etc., ending with a top layer of potatoes. Pour a cup of water over the whole, cover the dish, and bake in a moderate oven for 1¼ hours. Then remove the lid to allow top layer of potatoes to brown. Serve hot.

Sheep's Head

When it comes to the preparation of heads, we really have an embarrassment of choice. I have given you a recipe for Calf's Head Vinaigrette in an earlier article. But sheep's head, too, is very good, especially if you help it out with a little scrag of mutton. This makes a substantial meal for about six people, and supplies the basis for an excellent soup for a subsequent meal, say, the next day. You will need:

1 lb. onions
1 sheep's head — *2 turnips*
1 lb. scrag — *2 tablespoons barley*
1 lb. carrots — *4 to 6 pints cold water*
Salt, pepper, and parsley to taste

Put the head into cold water and bring to the boil slowly. Throw away this water. Now put the head and the scrag into a saucepan with the seasoning and the cold water. Heat slowly to boiling point, then skim. Add the vegetables, cut into pieces, and the barley, which you have previously blanched. Simmer gently for two hours. Take the head and the meat from the pan, allow to cool to handling point, and take the meat from the bones of the scrag, and from the head, cutting it into small pieces. After half an hour, during which the broth will continue to simmer, return the meat to the pan, adding parsley and more seasoning, if necessary. After ten minutes, the stew is ready for serving. Strain off most of the liquid (which is to be used for your future soup) and serve the stew with mashed potatoes sprinkled with parsley.

Brains

Now, how do you like them done? With onions? Simply soak the brains for a few minutes. Slice two onions, fry in a little fat till light brown, add the brains and fry together till the onions are cooked and the brains wrinkled, which will take about ten minutes. You can serve these on toast as a breakfast dish. Or as fritters, as a savoury after dinner. Soak them as before. Cut into small pieces, dip into lemon juice or vinegar, then into batter, and fry in deep fat till golden. Drain, sprinkle with salt, and serve.

We used to have a cook in my family (that was, of course, before I myself discovered the fascination of cookery. Or maybe I was merely too young—I was about four then) whose favourite and somewhat macabre joke was that she always insisted that the butcher left the eyes in the sheep's head. When we asked, as we always did "Why?" she would reply, with satisfaction: "To see us through the week, of course!"

Or perhaps you prefer them à la York, rather elaborate, but a dish for a gourmet. Prepare the brains, and soak for an hour in cold water. Drain and cover with boiling salted water with 1 tablespoon of vinegar added. Bring to boiling point, simmer until tender (15-30 minutes). Drain, slice or separate into pieces, and then press under a weight. When cold, cut in small cubes, add ½ cup sherry, cover and let stand 1 hour. Peel and slice ¼ lb. mushrooms and sauté in 2 tablespoons of margarine. Add to 1½ cups of white sauce, made with the top of the milk. Add brains, reheat and season with salt, paprika and cayenne.

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A Father For Charles (*Continued from page 26*)

"But you know you shouldn't do that—in school, anyway."

He misjudged the distance with his bag and struck the satiny wood of the chair.

"Be careful, Charles! Put the bag down and tell me why you batted your friends over the head during a school period."

"They're not my friends," he said, holding on to his bag.

Hilary saw she had made a tactical error. The boy's father used to draw her into this sort of thing and she wasn't going to have Charles doing it, too.

It would have been better to have spoken first to Mr. Wellington instead of groping around with the child.

She stood up. "It's no good talking to you if you're in that kind of a mood. You never used to be like this, Charles. For punishment you can't go out with your father tomorrow," as he did every Saturday, under the terms of the divorce agreement. "Clara will telephone in the morning and say you've been very naughty and can't go."

The next second the schoolbag came swooping low through the air and landed on the couch where she had been sitting.

"*Charles!* You threw that at me!"

"I didn't! I didn't! It s-slipped out of m-my hand!"

Abruptly, he began to cry. Louder and louder, till Kate came running in.

"My goodness, ma'am! What's he crying for?"

"He's in a temper." Hilary spoke shortly to hide her consternation. Charles wasn't the crying type.

He began jumping up and down, stamping about and getting himself hysterical.

"Make him stop, Kate," his mother ordered above the roars. "People will think he's being murdered."

Kate sat on the brocaded chair, scooped up the screaming child, held his waving legs and cradled him. Rocking, she talked to him, talked, talked——

Hilary didn't approve of babying, but she tried to hear what was being said. It didn't seem to be anything really, just words, "Big Boy—your Daddy——"

Nothing about his mother, Hilary noticed.

Well, different people had different ways and she could love her son without crooning to him when he went into a tantrum.

Still, she felt left out, and, lighting a cigarette, she paced about, while Kate went on and on, till gradually Charles calmed down.

"Charles!" Hilary a little awkwardly stretched out her hand, but he ignored it, just let Kate push him gently towards the dining-room and through the swinging door into the kitchen.

IT seemed very still and quiet in the living-room, and Hilary had exactly the same feeling she used to have after an argument with her husband.

After all, she had wanted nothing but a simple answer from the child as to why he had batted those blasted little schoolmates of his over the head during a school period. There could be no possible reason for things to have got so out of hand. But it used to be like that with John. She would make some perfectly ordinary remark and he would blow right up. Like the time she suddenly said she was sick of being the wife of an obscure teacher when her friends' husbands were all getting to be directors of this and that company.

It was amazing how one thing could lead to another. Just trivial things too, yet here she was, without a husband.

And now look at Charles! Out of the blue, things had deteriorated till he wouldn't even speak to her.

She bent to the low coffee table and jammed out her cigarette. Something had to be done about this mess, or it would gain momentum the way things had with his father. And that was unthinkable.

She walked over to the window.

The sky was autumny, with great banks of dark clouds. It had a chill, lonely look.

John shouldn't have just walked off and left her with a son to bring up. Though it wasn't he, of course, who got the divorce. But the result was the same, and a boy needed a father.

She turned from the window and the satchel caught her eye, lying incongruously on the beautiful upholstery of her sofa—the bag that had been so recklessly airborne a short time ago. Could it be that Charles wasn't well?

Quickly she went to the pantry door and looked through to the kitchen.

"Is he feverish, Kate?"

"Ma'am?" Kate turned with a biscuit tin in her hands and Hilary saw Charles sitting at the table munching away contentedly. "Feverish? No, ma'am! He just thought you said he couldn't go out tomorrow. I told him you'd never say that."

But he couldn't go out with his father tomorrow. All the books on child-care said that you positively must not go back on your word.

In the living-room, one of the extravagantly long-stemmed roses Basil Crytten had sent brushed her as she passed. She stopped and pushed it back a little in the high vase.

RED roses. When yellow would go so much better with the soft décor of the room. But red was the accepted colour for admiration and Basil was not a man to trifle with the accepted. He wanted to get on in the world. She had recognized that the moment she went into his office about her divorce.

It might be a good idea to talk to him about Charles. He was a lawyer, a clever one. He ought to know what should be done.

Of course he would take the opportunity to tell her again that the household needed a man. And it could be that he was right, but he based his theory on the premise that he was the man.

Well, perhaps he was. For tomorrow, at any rate. If Charles was so hell-bent on just going out, then Basil could take him.

That neat solution would cover the disciplinary angle and also give Basil a chance in the capacity he apparently craved.

For the first time she seriously considered him as a potential father for Charles.

He was a kind person, and a substantial one. Also, he was convivial and that was important, with Charles growing so withdrawn. Basil was authoritative too, which would be good.

She could do worse than marry Basil. He was thoroughly presentable. Also, he wouldn't continually make an issue of her money as John had done. It was true she had agreed to let John support her, but after the baby's arrival and her twenty-first birthday it would have been simply silly not to have dipped into the large sum that was paid into her bank account every month. John hadn't been able to see that, but she knew Basil would have no objection. Not the slightest.

She rang his office.

"Oh, Basil!" she said brightly when she was put through to him. "I'm going to the Drummonds for cocktails," she said, "and it just occurred to me that you might like to come."

"The Drummonds? You mean Lancelot Drummond?" His voice straightened its shoulders as any lawyer's is apt to do at mention of a prominent silk.

She gave him the address and when she went into her room to get ready life didn't seem quite so bleak. To have someone amenable for a change!

He was waiting for her in the lobby of the marble hall affair where the Drummonds lived. He always surprised her at first glance because he was so very different from John. Basil was the athletic type, his eyes set too far back under heavy brows for him to be handsome, but you noticed him because he was virile and intended to be noticed.

He came forward eagerly, throwing a quick glance at her mink jacket and her new hat. "Hilary! How beautiful can a woman get? That's what I want to know."

She knew it was flattery, but it was pleasant. All John used to do was sort of smile with his eyes when he thought she looked extra charming.

Hilary didn't know as many people at the Drummonds as she had expected to. But Basil, it seemed, needed only a foot over the threshold to meet everyone. He was really wonderful, showing always just the right amount of deference or joviality.

If he could manage Charles like that everything would be all right.

In the taxi afterwards, Hilary said, "Basil, I want to ask your advice about Charles."

"What's the trouble?" His tone turned professional, in a disappointed way.

"He got into an awful temper at home this afternoon. The worst temper I've ever seen him in. All I did was ask why he hit his classmates during school hours and you should have heard him raise the roof. It's impossible to reason with him. Oh, Basil! I'm worried."

The great fullback shoulder came closer. "I keep telling you a man about the house is what you need."

"I know, Basil," she said meekly.

"Hilary!" All trace of the judicial tinge went from his voice and he reached for her hand. "Don't worry, darling. Just leave Charles to me. He reads too much, for one thing. Sports—that's what a boy needs. Good, tough, physical exercise. Let me talk to Charles. I'll straighten him out for you."

"You're perfectly right, Basil—more outdoor life is exactly what he needs. I knew I could count on you to take him out tomorrow."

"But——" Basil looked dazed and indignant at the same time.

"His father always takes Charles on Saturdays and that's what brought on the final explosion this afternoon—I told him his father wouldn't take him. But if *you* take him he'll get his outing."

Basil didn't say anything, and Hilary added reflectively, "You're always saying he needs a man's company."

"I know, but—" Basil hesitated until his mind got back on legal ground. "His father has the right to see him and you can't just say no like this."

"But I've said it! And you're always begging to do things for me—it shouldn't be too much for you to take him to the zoo or something."

"I'm not very good at zoos and things," Basil said in a trapped voice, as the taxi halted beside the entrance to the flats.

"This is a chance for you and Charles to really get acquainted," Hilary said. "As soon as there's an opportunity I'll leave you alone with him."

KATE pushed a newly-scrubbed-looking Charles into the living-room. Basil walked towards him.

"Well, my boy," he boomed. "How's the world treating you?"

"I'm not your boy," Charles replied with quiet politeness.

Basil lifted the lid of Hilary's silver cigarette box. He took a cigarette and stretched out the lighting business as long as possible, then exhaled largely. "Yes," he said, "a boy should go in for sports. Now take me," he turned to Charles, "when I was your age I was starting to play every sport there is . . ."

This seemed to Hilary to be her chance to slip away.

After a while it seemed to her that things were suspiciously silent—a thick silence that she practically waded through as she hurried back.

Basil was pacing up and down her delicate chartreuse carpet and Charles was standing by the coffee table, looking at a magazine.

"What happened?"

"He can't even touch his toes," Charles said dispassionately.

"I certainly can!"

"Ssh, Basil!"

"But I *can* touch my toes!"

"All right, all right. You can touch your toes. What made you think he couldn't, Charles?" (*Continued on page 52*)

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"I watched him. He only got down to—" Charles illustrated—"here."

"That's not true!" Basil leaped in with the denial. "I was a full six inches lower than that."

"Just a minute, Basil!" Hilary protested. Whatever other faults Charles might have, he didn't lie. And how Basil's toes ever got into this was beyond her. "I thought you were going to find out what the trouble is at school."

"I was leading up to that," Basil said plaintively.

Hilary thought: So she wasn't the only one who found Charles difficult. Still, she wasn't impressed with what Basil was doing. And he towered so over the child. It didn't seem quite fair.

"Perhaps we'd better leave it till you're out with him tomorrow," she said, too low for Charles to hear.

Basil looked relieved. "All right." He turned to Charles with sudden heartiness. "What do you think? We're going to the zoo tomorrow, you and I."

After all Hilary's care to leave the subject unstirred till morning!

Charles gave a startled look at his mother, but just said, "I always go out with Daddy on Saturdays."

A glint came into Basil's eyes. "Not when you're a bad boy you don't!"

Charles took a step back as if the ground had opened up under him. "But Kate said——"

Hilary wasn't liking this much. "Kate didn't understand, dear. You were naughty, you know, and mother had to tell you Daddy wouldn't——"

"No!" Charles flung out his arms in a floundering gesture. "No, no, no!"

"Charles, listen to me! Mr. Crytten's going to take you."

"No! I won't go with him!"

"See here, young man, this is no way to behave." Basil put out a restraining hand and Charles pushed it away. Basil retaliated with a quick, angry little cuff.

"*Basil!*"

"I won't go! I won't go!" Charles's voice was shrill and shaky and he abruptly turned tail and ran out of the room.

"Little brat!" Basil muttered.

"He's not a brat! You frightened him."

She turned back to the failure that hung heavy over the living-room.

"I'm sorry, Hilary," Basil said quickly. "I can do better when I'm alone with him tomorrow. Now—" he determinedly changed the subject, "couldn't we go out for dinner?" He came towards her, his old confidence coming back. "Let's have a good time."

Hilary did not give an answering smile. She just wanted him to leave. "I don't feel like going out. I'm sorry."

"Oh, come on!" he coaxed.

Hilary walked into the hall and took up his coat. "I'm sorry, Basil."

He followed. "No one on earth could have done anything with that kid of yours just now."

She managed to hold the coat out politely. "Good night, Basil. And thank you for trying." She opened the door. "Good night."

BACK in the living-room there was the same stillness Hilary had felt that afternoon. Only worse. It was the most awful, deserted feeling.

She sat on the antique brocaded chair and looked around at the gently glowing, lovely room. What good was it all? Tomorrow would come, with the complication about the outing. Monday would come, with Mr. Wellington saying heaven knew what. And all the years ahead——

The room grew quieter and quieter. Kate would have gone home now, after getting Charles settled down, and Clara wouldn't be in till about midnight. No one here but herself and Charles.

Being home at night so seldom, she didn't know how quiet it could be.

Suddenly a stifled sound came through the dead stillness. From Charles's room.

Hilary caught her breath. It had always been John who dashed into the child's bedroom at the first thin cry. But now there was no buffer between Hilary and what trouble was in there.

The sound came again and she went along the passage to Charles's door.

He was crying. Trying to be quiet about it, his head probably half under the blanket. She mustn't let him guess that she knew, but she had to do something. She couldn't just let him go on sobbing like that.

John would have thought of some excuse for going in, pretending not to notice the tears.

She ran for a glass of water, then went to her son's door again. "Charles! I thought I heard you coughing. Here's a glass of water."

She switched on the light and he burrowed deeper under the clothes.

"Do you want a drink, dear?"

"N-no," came the muffled answer.

Hilary sat on the bed. She couldn't very well leave him. But he would smother under there.

"I'll read you to sleep." She went over to his books, and, as she had hoped he would, Charles took the chance to put his head out.

As Hilary read it suddenly became very clear to her. He didn't belong with her. She wasn't any good as a mother. She knew that now.

She would give him up. Give him to John.

Undeftly, she put one arm around the child. "It's nearly tomorrow," she said after a moment, drawing him closer, "and you'll be seeing Daddy."

He looked up at her. "Er-r-uh?"

It was such a funny, incredulous little noise that she had to go on talking quickly or she would cry herself. "Tomorrow's Saturday—remember? The day to see Daddy."

"B-but you s-said——"

"That was a mistake. I thought you'd been naughty, but you hadn't. Being unhappy isn't being naughty." Charles's rumpled hair felt sweet against her cheek. "The weatherman says tomorrow's going to be fine and that means you'll meet Daddy by the seal pool and after that——"

On and on. He rested against her, and then he was asleep.

* * *

For once, the weatherman was right and the next day was fine.

Clara usually took Charles in a taxi to meet his father, but today Hilary went with him. He was excited in his self-contained way.

As they went down the steps to the seal pool, Hilary stopped abruptly.

She hadn't seen John since the divorce, and there he was, at the other side of the pool, his back to them.

"Clara always takes me down those steps Daddy's looking at."

"Don't point, Charles. You run round to Daddy and surprise him. I'll stay here."

"No, you come too."

Nothing had ever pleased Hilary as much as his saying that, but she didn't want to butt in on their meeting. However, it was taken out of her hands, for John looked at his watch, then turned and saw them.

He didn't move for a second, then came around.

Charles ran up as he drew near and John said, "Hallo, there," and put his hand on his shoulder, still walking towards Hilary.

"Hallo, John," she said.

"Well, hallo. This is a surprise."

"Yes."

The shy moment didn't last, for a baby seal accidentally fell off the parapet where he was sunning himself and there was a good deal of commotion.

When Hilary looked up at John again, she found he was gazing at her.

She hadn't dressed with particular care, but the smile was there in his eyes. So much nicer than Basil's lavish compliments. But John looked tired and thin. Unhappy.

"John, I've decided——" she began quickly, "I've decided that this arrangement isn't right. Charles is miserable without you, and he's in trouble at school and——"

John's face tightened. "What trouble?"

"I don't know, except that he bats boys over the head during school hours."

"Daddy! Look! The baby one's swimming!"

A Father For Charles

"Just a minute, Charles," his father said. "Why this business of batting boys over the head?"

Not, Hilary noticed, why did he do it during the school, but why did he do it at all? She hadn't thought of that.

"Wel-l-l," The boy hedged.

"Tell me, lad."

"Well, Josh hit me first."

John nodded. "And?"

"And Eric—he makes me sick." Charles stuck his hands in his pockets and looked ruminatingly at the heaving water of the pool. "He talks about nothing but his Dad. He just doesn't talk about any other old thing in the world, and I get fed up."

Hilary's and John's eyes met briefly, then John said quietly, "Look, Charles, here's some money, would you like to go and buy ice-creams for us all?"

AFTER he'd gone, "You see!" Hilary said in a small voice. "He needs a father."

She had to look down quickly. It was going to be awful not having the child.

She blinked fast a couple of times, then lifted her face.

"John, I want you to take him. I'm no good for him and I'm prepared to give up all claim to him. He needs a father."

Her glance fell again. How was she to go on living without—both of them?

"He needs a mother too," John was saying. "And when he actually has a mother and a father— Oh, Hilary! I could do better now if you'd let us try again."

Her eyes shot up to his. "*You* could do better! Why, John, it was me who messed up the whole thing!"

"I've been frantic just to see you," he said, as if she hadn't spoken.

"Me too," she whispered, "to see you." Queer she hadn't realized that before.

Just then the seals started cavorting again, so probably nobody noticed the kiss he bent and gave her.

"Mother-r-r!"

It was Charles's voice, and they turned to see him at the top of the steps with ice cream beginning to drip from the three cornets poised precariously in his hands.

"Mother! Daddy!" he called again.

"Coming, Charles!" John grabbed Hilary's hand.

Her heart was as light as her feet as she raced along beside her son's father.

And on Monday he and she would go together to see Mr. Wellington.

END

Patchwork

(*Continued from page 23*)

patchwork, or even personal satisfaction in it, will set out some kind of working pattern on graph paper before they begin to join up the sections. And it is obvious that to create a masterpiece like Miss Colby's "High Summer," one must have not only infinite patience, but an artist's eye—and more than a little skill in drawing and design.

The geometric design is an easier one for the average needlewoman to work out, and patterned fabrics as well as plain coloured ones may be used effectively for such designs; while anything from a chessboard to a bit of Rumanian embroidery can suggest, to those who can copy better than they can create, patterns that can be adapted to the medium. Following the general trend of fashion, there is now a big feeling for texture in patchwork. Plain damasks, piqués, waffles, or ribbed and corded fabrics, placed in the design thisaway or thataway, catching the light at a different angle, can look completely different from each other. It is something that the beginner, gaily joining up hexagons without a thought of it, realizes only when it is too late (and, if the effect was not anticipated, it takes quite a time to realize what has gone wrong). It is also something which, in the hands of the expert, as witness the illustrations, adds enormously to the interest of the finished work.

END

Amateur With A Paint Pot

(*Continued from page* 33)

up a not-so-new carpet square. Ordinary paint will chip and wear underfoot but floor and lino paint is especially designed for the job and is applied in the ordinary way with a brush.

Are you liable to find infuriating drops of condensation dripping coldly down your neck in the kitchen or bathroom? Improved ventilation is probably the only cure for the disease itself but the symptoms can be cured easily enough by a home-made remedy of ground cork mixed with distemper or flat oil-bound paint.

What of the badly cracked or crazed walls that seem to demand endless "making good"? A new plastic preparation, which is *dabbed* on with a brush will simultaneously make good and decorate, automatically filling cracks and strengthening loose plaster. The effect is similar to a crusted wallpaper. This paint, incidentally, contains D.D.T. which kills flies for anything up to eighteen months after it is applied.

You've never succeeded in getting a smooth finish and, anyway, the smell of new paint makes you ill for days? Then the new emulsion paints were invented especially for you. They are made from plastics —basically similar to the plastic fabrics used for mackintoshes and bathroom curtains—suspended in water. The water evaporates leaving a thin film of plastic which can be washed or even scrubbed.

The greatest boon of the emulsion paints is that you can scarcely fail to achieve a "professional" finish. Brush marks disappear like magic and you can work more or less at your own speed since there will be no unsightly joins or overlaps between areas painted at different times. In most cases, only one coat is needed; emulsion paint acts as a three-in-one primer, undercoat and top-coat.

Few of us may feel like tackling a major redecorating job, but even an hour or so spent on woodwork and fittings will pay handsome dividends, especially in the kitchen where a splash of fresh colour acts like a new hat in the spring. A gloss enamel finish which wears better and is more easily kept clean than a flat finish is usually the best choice for kitchen furniture and woodwork.

But, after all, whatever practical properties special circumstances may demand of our paint, it remains essentially a decorative material, to be used, like any other, for the sheer joy of it. So don't be too lightly led into choosing a colour from a shade card. You *may* be lucky but a "standard range" inevitably excludes the subtleties that will prevent our homes becoming as standard as the shade card.

The colorizer system, however, has overcome the problem of the standard ranges in a quite revolutionary way. A well-known maker offers a wide range of distinct shades, standard only to the extent that they can always be matched. Having chosen your colour, you buy a tin of either white or grey paint and a tube of precision-measured colourant which, added to the basic tin, give the exact shade chosen.

Names and details of the preparations referred to will be supplied on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2. Michael Sheridan will also answer questions concerning your own amateur decorating job if you care to write to him at this address.

END

The Title Is Dame

(*Continued from page* 9)

Reading, founder and chairman of the W.V.S.

The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, which ranks immediately following the Royal Victorian Order, was instituted in 1917 by King George V to be conferred for important services rendered to the British Empire by *men or women*. Now after a lapse of nearly forty years it is hard to realize how revolutionary this seemed then.

A description of the insignia of the order reads like that of something out of a medieval treasury. The mantles worn by Dames Grand Cross is of rose pink satin lined with pearl grey silk, with a cordon fastening of pearl grey silk with two rose pink and silver tassels attached, with a representation of the Star of the First Class of the Order embroidered on the left side.

Unfortunately, the occasions on which this glorious "full dress" can be worn are strictly limited, though a once-in-a-lifetime celebration this year, the Coronation, gave an opportunity for Dames as well as Knights Grand Cross to appear in all their splendour. One of those on whom the cameras lingered most lovingly was Lady Churchill, G.B.E. No colour could have suited her delicate but mature beauty better than the rose and grey.

END

Counter Attack!

(*Continued from page* 11)

The same goes for pots and pans. Household linens are reduced often simply because they are either slightly soiled or because, if they stay on the shelves much longer, they would get soiled. But quite often, in these less glamorous departments, prices are simply lowered to attract more customers: a ruse which works to everyone's satisfaction.

It is interesting that seventy-five per cent of the rubbish sold nowadays, is intended for the young and naïve shopper! It seems we learn by experience, and above the age of discretion (which, shop owners think is about thirty!) there is less point in trying to fool us.

But whatever our age and intelligence, the pattern of our sale-buying appears to be always the same: retailers know that we make a dash for the fashion departments of the stores or the fashion shops, first of all—knowing exactly what we want. Only rarely are we induced to buy a coat, say, if we came to buy a dress. Having bought our finery, we see what we can get in the way of household goods.

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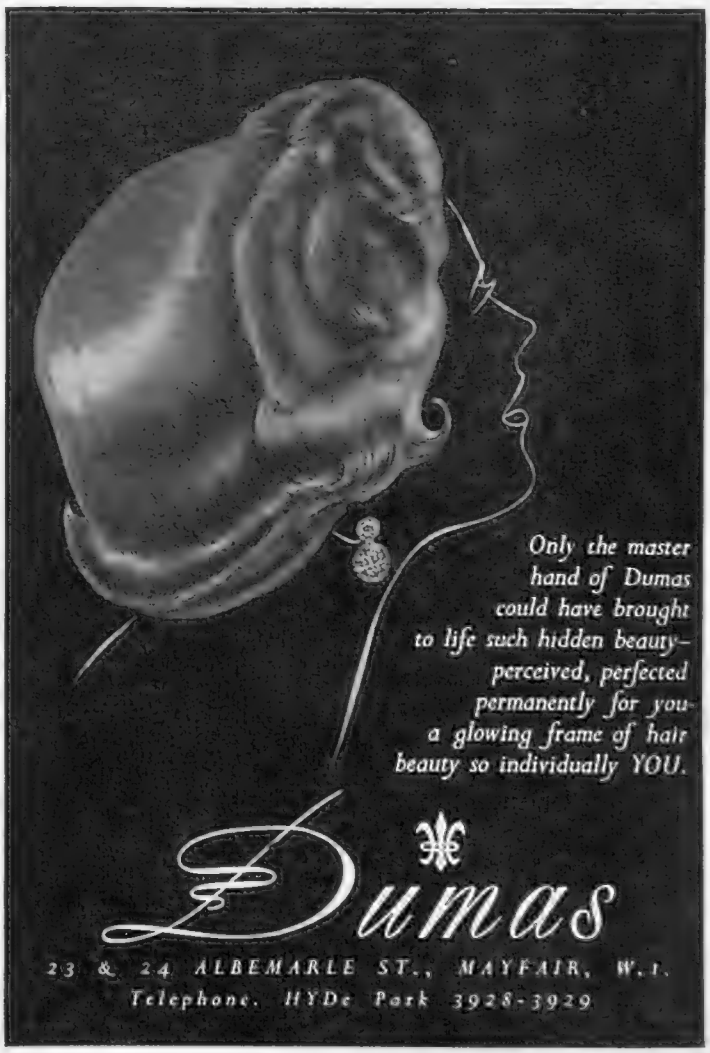
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January Reading (*Continued from page 36*)

claimed to have reached it a year later, said Cook had "simply handed the public a gold brick." Frederick J. Pohl reviews the old controversy in Cook's favour in editing **"Return From The Pole"** (Burke, 18s.), which Cook wrote in the 1930s "to clean my good name." It seems too general in style—"We were the only pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice"—to clinch the claim beyond dispute, though readable as a dramatic tale of endurance.

At the head of a bird sanctuary lake in Britain's wild north, R. Stevens lives in a cottage with housekeeper, falconer, gardener and sheepdog Rusty. In **"Laggard"** (Faber, 15s.) he tells intimately of his hawking, fishing, and the wild life about him; also of an Iceland holiday in quest of the rare gyrfalcon. Kindred nature lovers will enjoy these confidences of a man at peace in duck-haunted solitudes.

We are so familiar with the Charge of the Light Brigade from childhood up that we never stop to ask how much do I really know about it? Probing into unpublished papers, Cecil Woodham-Smith treats it as history, not rhyme, in **"The Reason Why"** (Constable, 15s.), with emphasis on the jealous rivalry between the two cavalry generals—the Earls of Lucan and of Cardigan, brothers-in-law—which precipitated it. Social background supplements the military. We learn that Cardigan's second wife in rages threw plates at him, and after his death received visitors dressed in his cuirass and cherry trousers and was rowed about Cowes Harbour singing to a guitar.

I don't know if dogs have dreams, but they've started writing autobiographies. Black Knight, author of **"The Diary Of A Freeman"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), is that ubiquitous Peke of Lady Munnings's who goes to races, the R.A., royal and civic functions, quotes verse, has a black satin and velvet bag for evenings, and eats a lot of chicken I could do with. Pekolaters will doubtless *adore* his book. For me it is just too, too coy. But I could dote for ever on Sir Alfred's exquisite drawings.

We have already met Joyce Cary's character, Chester Nimmo, the poor farmhand from a Devon tin-mining village who became union agitator, preacher, statesman. **"Except The Lord"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is a cutback to his early years, up to the time he helped to organize a big dock strike. It might be another *How Green Was My Valley*, but is only coolly akin, lacking Llewellyn's emotional fire. I found Chester, his religious father, studious brother Richard, quick-tempered sister Georgina an interesting but not a moving study.

No tale could be more contrasting than Mika Waltari's rhetorical **"The Dark Angel"** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), about the 1453 fall of Constantinople as seen by a Frenchman. "My mouth is a cooling spring, drink! My body is bread for you; eat of it," says Anna, the girl in sword and armour whose love for him flowers from the carnage and ruin.

Frank Swinnerton's vital attack is astonishing for a man nearing his thirtieth novel. **"A Month In Gordon Square"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is painter Flora Vandal's month of hostessing for her actor-uncle of seventy-seven who "hmm-hmms" so much in his talk that she calls him "Humming hypocrite! Bluebottle!"—to find, in due course, that his pose is just an armour over his heart.

Another veteran who refuses to lag is Sir Philip Gibbs, who tells in **"Lady Of The Yellow River"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) the story of a woman, now living placidly in a country cottage, who spent most of her life in China, loved its social colour, but saw war and Communism come to it, and the hardships of Jap internment camp.

Hornblower, a passenger on a mere canal boat, going from Gloucester to London with wife and son to take up his first command, helping it through tunnels! But in **"Hornblower And The Atropos"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) C. S. Forester makes this as gripping in its way as his subsequent adventures in the sloop, with a young German prince aboard as snotty, his pompous chamberlain as surgeon, capturing French privateersmen and performing other doughty deeds. I can never be too long at sea with Forester's salty captain.

I might be too long on land with James Hilton's minor diplomat, "Stuffy" Anderson, who has his dull patches. He is, nevertheless, at heart a Chipsian fellow with his art aspirations, his happy marriage up to the tragic loss of his wife, his compensatory loves, his eccentric father, and we rejoice with him when a Russian opposite number, who spikes a Paris conference, drops into his hand, plus a C.M.G., as climax to **"Time And Time Again"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).

The wife who kicks over the traces—especially Victorian ones—risking all for love, may be a social butt in life yet a shining star in fiction. J. Delves-Broughton's **"The Past Returned"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is Lady Beauregard's past in the shape of a former lover by whom she had a son. She leaves her lord, though not master, to brave with them hardship, scandal, but certainly love, which is duly blessed in the end. An old theme, yet how newly told!

Australian Ruth Park has mothered five children, and four novels. She packs with humanity her latest, a story of poor families living in a tenement house by Sydney Bridge. "It's a hard life," says Miriam's Uncle Puss, "but there's a power of roses." Hence **"A Power Of Roses"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) which is also a tour-de-force of narrative with honest sentiment, pathos, humour.

Norah James portrays the love of a ward sister and hospital doctor with daughter and crippled wife in **"Silent Corridors"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). I'd like a hospital worker's reactions to Vanessa and her background, which seem real enough to me.

FICTION for January reading includes the following: **"The Priest,"** by Beatrix Beck (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). **"File No. 113,"**—a Monsieur Lecoq mystery—by Emile Gaboriau (Harvill Press, 9s. 6d.). **"Curtain Of Fear,"** by Dennis Wheatley (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). **"The Colours Of The Day,"** by Romain Gary (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). **"Cousin Bazilio,"** by Eca de Queiroz (Reinhardt, 12s. 6d.). **"A Share Of The World,"** by Hugo Charteris (Collins, 12s. 6d.). **"Unborn Tomorrow,"** by Gilbert Frankau (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.). **"The Younger Felthams,"** by Warren Tute (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). **"The Shepherd's Crook,"** by Paul Frischauer (Cassell, 15s.).

FOR those who prefer non-fiction: **"Freedom The Spur,"** by Gordon Instone Burke (15s.). The wartime exploits of a British gunner, including his dramatic escapes from the Germans and a gruelling journey of nine hundred miles on foot. **"Markova—Her Life And Art,"** by Anton Dolin (W. H. Allen, 17s. 6d.). The biography of one of the world's greatest ballerinas, by her lifelong friend and partner. **"Seeing And Knowing,"** by Bernard Berenson (Chapman & Hall, 18s.). Profound and original reflections on the function of "seeing" and "knowing" in artistic creation and in the judgment of works of art. **"Assisi And Umbria Revisited,"** by Edward Hutton (Hollis & Carter, 21s.). An enthusiastic guide to the art and tradition of the country of St. Francis. **"Dark Estuary,"** by "B. B." (Hollis & Carter, 30s.). A book on wildfowl for the sportsman naturalist, with beautiful colour illustrations, by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford. **"Mind You, I've Said Nothing!"** by Honor Tracy (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). Forays in the Irish Republic which manage to convey something of the magnificent dottiness of the Irish approach to life.

RECOMMENDED for children: **"The Sentimental Smuggler,"** by Felicity Douglas (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.). **"Janey And Her Friends,"** by Irene Pearl (Harrap, 4s. 6d.). **"Teddy Robinson,"** by Joan G. Robinson (Harrap, 4s. 6d.). **"The Faber Book Of Children's Verse,"** edited by Janet Adam Smith (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). **"Colonel Crock,"** by Annette Mills (Harrap, 5s.). **"My Second Enid Blyton Book"** (Latimer House, 6s.). **"The Good Little Christmas Tree,"** by Ursula Moray Williams (Harrap, 5s.). **"Tales From The Ballet,"** by Pigeon Crowle (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). **"Andy Pandy The Baby Clown,"** by Freda Lingstrom and Maria Bird (Faber & Faber, 6s. 6d.).

END

Treasure On Your Bookshelf

(*Continued from page 30*)

was one autographed I. Walton. The expert retained the volume while he sent researchers to compare the writing on the flypage with old documents signed by Izaac Walton. Yes, there was no doubt, the signatures were identical. An autograph may well add to the value of the book.

A first edition of *Of Human Bondage* by Somerset Maugham is comparatively rare and should bring eight pounds or so. On the other hand don't expect to get much for old Bibles. As the content of all Bibles are more or less the same, the value lies merely in the binding, unless there is some very outstanding personal interest, such as the Bible which was George III's own copy and which fits into an elaborate case and is inscribed.

Usually it is safe to estimate that any books in good condition containing good plates will sell to the book-dealers. The question of condition of the book is of primary importance, the plates must be clear and the colours bright and clean; any degree of mustiness which films over the page detracts from the value, as these plates are mostly resold to customers wanting the plates to frame as pictures, or are sold for export to America and the Dominions.

Nature-books of birds and flowers with coloured plates are in much demand just now for their pictorial value, and currently there is a steady demand for books illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Complete sets of books are easier to dispose of, if you have them to sell. For instance, it may well be that your great-grandmother subscribed to the *English Woman's Domestic Magazine*, which came out about a hundred years ago and which is full of the most delightful colour fashion-plates, each picture tinted by hand in each separate copy. In those days rows of little girls sat in the outside offices where the magazines were published, and their job was to colour each picture. *The English Woman's Domestic Magazine* sold at 1s. 6d.—quite a big price in 1860. Nowadays bound copies in sets of ten bring upwards of six guineas.

The books in the colour picture on page 31 include, reading from the top: Paul's "Rose Garden" with colour illustrations. Value six guineas. "Microcosm Of London." R. Ackerman. Three volumes are assessed at £110. "John Keats, His Life And Poetry." Modern binding with portrait inset. Value £30. "Staats Kalender Au das yah (1787)" with gold embossed binding and George III monogram. Value 8 guineas. "The English Woman's Domestic Magazine" with colour fashion plates throughout. Volumes are valued at about ten shillings each if in good condition.

END

Private Affair (*Continued from page 27*)

there were serious tiffs, Miss J. grew really cross. One entry says: "I have written another indignant letter to the Duke, in which I purpose enclosing his hair and picture, which last being made of sealing wax is of course of no value."

How different is another record of a relationship between a man and a woman—the brief diary of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which revealed only after her death her unhappiness with her husband, Thomas, the nineteenth-century historian.

Jane felt very much Thomas Carlyle's friendship with Lady Ashburton, and his frequent visits to her at her London residence, Bath House. On one occasion she writes: "I was cut short in my introduction last night by Mr. C.'s return from Bath House. That eternal Bath House I wonder how many thousand miles Mr. C. has walked between there and here, putting it all together; setting up always another milestone and another betwixt himself and me."

When Carlyle read these revelations of dissatisfaction, he was surprised and bitterly upset; and in fairness to him (for he was deeply attached to Jane), it should be said that the vein of depression running through her diary was partly caused by her ill-health.

Most famous, perhaps, of all diarists is Fanny Burney, who began her journal in 1768, when she was fifteen, and continued it, together with prolific letter-writing, until her death in 1840. As a girl she met many of the literary figures of the day, friends and acquaintances of her learned father.

Of the vast majority of these journals from the pens of women of the past—from Margaret Lady Hoby's, the earliest extant, which ran from 1599 to 1603, down to the nineteenth- and twentieth-century diaries—space precludes mention. But they all help to build up the detailed picture of yesterday seen from the feminine angle.

END

Your Dream House

(*Continued from page 41*)

simple oblong. It isn't easy, and may look plain if erected. What you have to remember is that every wing jutting out adds not merely to material but labour costs.

Let us presume you are planning the usual house on two floors. Draw the ground floor plan at the bottom of your sheet of paper; carefully extend the lines to lay out the first floor, on the right of your paper. Later, draw the elevation in the space above.

Now for the snags. The first floor, of course, must follow the ground floor exactly. The principal walls should go straight up, first floor corresponding with that below. The staircase is a bit of a nuisance. Allow 3 feet in width, with each stair 9 inches deep. You will make these measurements many times: remember that four stairs add up to 3 feet. Don't forget: the staircase must appear in both floors. The kitchen: Anybody can design the ideal kitchen. Unfortunately, in practice, the kitchen has to fit somewhere into the house; it must be on an outside wall for sink and larder, it must have (or be near to) the side entrance; it should (for economy of plumbing and heating) be as near as possible to the hot water cylinder. It must provide for cooker, 'frig, sink—and all the contrivances the housewife needs.

Now for some general principles. Start planning on general lines. Make up your mind what aspect you prefer. For the first stage of your hobby, design a house with the rooms to your choice, facing the way you like.

Measure the space occupied, within the outside walls. If the result is 750 square feet on ground floor, and 750 feet on first floor, the total is 1,500 feet. The cost? Reckon £2 per square foot.

Get some practice in designing an ideal house. But, having done this, find a particular site, and plan with this in view. Before the war I came across a single plot which had been left—because most people regarded it as too difficult. It faced south, with a glorious view—if one could, as it were, squint round the corner a bit. Here was a challenge, but the result was a four-bedroom house which got the best of the view. (See sketch on page 41).

END

Dual Partnership (*Continued from page 12*)

with vacuum cleaner, brooms and what have you.

The closing date coincided with a visit to town—a good opportunity, my husband said, to get the entries nearer their eventual destination. So, packed feverishly into our car, they came with us. What was worse they nearly came back with us, too.

For six busy weeks they filled every corner of the flatlet we had rented, waiting to be claimed by their new parents. The day before our return I grew desperate with dark plans for their disposal. With the aid of a well-tipped taxi-driver I would drive to the Embankment and find them a watery grave. In the end there was a belated response to my unexpectedly firm suggestion that it was a question of choosing between the "entries" and me.

It may be the time-honoured habit of the successful man to vow his wife is his keenest critic. But a helpful wife or husband, I believe, refrains from any kind of criticism when something really tricky is afoot. The best she or he can do then, is to follow the advice given to children, only in reverse, so that in moments of stress she or he is not seen but can be heard making willing noises about the house, ready only to be an audience if invited.

END

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The Duke And Mr. Barleycorn (*Continued from page 19*)

They went quite a long way down a muddy lane.

Then they waited in a wood for an interminable time, and he wished once again that if Alice must get these crazy ideas she could be the one to carry them out. The Duke had not come to the meet, and very likely would not be out all day.

"If you really want to get that extra grant for the orphans it's no use sitting on the committee and saying nothing at all, love, now is it?" Alice said disgustedly after the last meeting.

"You want to get real friendly with the Duke somehow," Alice persisted. Mr. Barleycorn thought it was highly improbable that he and the Duke would ever really get together. They hadn't got much in common.

It was this final admission which stirred Alice to direct action, and was ultimately the reason why Mr. Barleycorn, dressed in brand new boots and an old pair of breeches that didn't meet up as they should, was sitting most uncomfortably on the yellow horse in a very damp wood taking a day off from the business to go hunting. The Duke, Alice said, was known to be very keen on hunting . . .

Hounds seemed to be working up towards them again. Then, suddenly, there was the slightest rustle in the undergrowth, and a pale coloured fox slipped across the ride.

Mr. Barleycorn had never seen a real fox before. For one glorious moment he forgot all about Alice and the orphans, he forgot about his age, his appearance and his horse. He was simply and perfectly thrilled.

He stood right up in his stirrups, waved his bowler hat joyously in the air, and shouted "A fox! A fox!"

FOR once in his mis-spent life it was the yellow horse and not his rider who was caught napping. A black bowler hat whizzed past his right eye and caught him a clip on the ear. Mr. Barleycorn's spurs went into his ribs, and his voice bellowed and threatened.

It was unfortunate for the yellow horse that he happened to be facing a gate at the time, but nothing could have shaken his sudden urgent desire to get out of the terrible place he was in, and up and over four foot six of unbreakable timber he soared just as hounds burst out of the wood on a screaming scent.

By all the rules of horsemanship Mr. Barleycorn should have fallen off. But a grip he hadn't known he possessed took him up and over the gate leaning backwards and rather to one side but still on top. This was the last view the others had of him.

Behind him in the wood there was considerable confusion. Nobody there would normally have tackled that gate with its muddy, slippery take-off, but with Mr. Barleycorn's spirited and unexpected example there was nothing else to be done.

By common consent they made way quickly for the Master, who rode at it gallantly enough, but his horse took one look and decided that he would much rather be doing something else.

In the meantime Mr. Barleycorn had quite a good start. It took him most of the first field to get properly back in the saddle again.

He reached the bottom of the field to find a small and sexless child in trousers tugging hard at the gate to open it for him.

"Right! Go right!" it shouted.

There was no gate in the next fence, which was a thickish looking hedge. Mr. Barleycorn rode at it leaning well back and pulling at the yellow horse for all he was worth. Until the last moment he thought that the horse had made up its mind to go over, and the size of the ditch on the far side when he could see it appalled him, but luckily it appalled the yellow horse, too, and it slid to a sudden stop.

Mr. Barleycorn half fell and half rolled off. He had never been so thankful to get his feet on solid ground again.

It was while he was standing like this, still upset, that the idea came to him.

If it could be fixed so that Alice thought he had had an accident, there'd be no more talk of his hunting.

Mr. Barleycorn looked all round cautiously. There was nobody in sight yet behind him.

He led the reluctant but excitable horse into the field on the farther side of the ditch, until he judged he was about opposite the place where he had been before. His conscience was quite clear. It wasn't so much a lie as a forestalment of the truth he was fixing up, for if he had to do any more jumping about he'd fall off for sure. All he had to do was to get the yellow horse muddied up a bit in the ditch to prove his story.

He turned it round with difficulty so that its quarters were towards the ditch, and began to push it back.

Several minutes later he was still pushing, and without a shred of temper left. So when a car drew up in the lane and somebody he knew looked out of the window and asked him what he was doing, he was past caring.

"What does it look as if I'm doing?" he snapped. "For heaven's sake, anyone would think you'd never seen a horse pushed into a ditch before!"

"Never!" admitted the Duke, and he got out of the car with alacrity.

"You need some help," he said.

"Of course I do," said Mr. Barleycorn peevishly. "I can't think what's the matter with the wretched horse. I suppose if I'd wanted him to jump it he wouldn't have liked it either!"

"Now that's being unreasonable," the Duke pointed out. "He may like going forwards better than going backwards."

"You wouldn't say that if you'd seen him at the meet," said Mr. Barleycorn grimly.

He turned the yellow horse round and tried to pull it down into the ditch while the Duke poked it from behind with his walking stick.

"It's no good," said Mr. Barleycorn.

"Then we must both push," said the Duke.

They turned the animal round again and took one shoulder each. The yellow horse gave a step, found his hind leg waving perilously over nothing, and sidestepped.

The Duke straightened up. "If we had a rope . . ." he said thoughtfully. He raised his voice. "Roberts! Have we got a rope in the car?"

"Well, there is a rope, for towing like, but I don't know as it would work," Roberts said dubiously.

"If you've got an idea, let's have it," said the Duke hopefully.

"Yes, your Grace, but what does the gentleman want the horse in the ditch for?"

"I haven't the least idea," said the Duke.

"I've had an accident, don't you see? I was run away with, and jumped that fence, and fell in the ditch, and now I'm not going to hunt any more, ever again!"

"If that's all, wouldn't it be easier to take the mud to the horse?" suggested the Duke helpfully.

Mr. Barleycorn's scowl vanished. "That," he said approvingly, "is the first sensible thing I've had said to me today."

The Duke obligingly held the yellow horse while Mr. Barleycorn scrambled in and out of the ditch fetching mud in his bowler hat and applying it artistically to the yellow horse.

"A little more on his quarters and it'll do, I think," said the Duke at last. "What do we do next?"

"Let him go!"

"Let him go? Go loose?" The Duke was taken aback.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Barleycorn. "I don't want him! Some mug will find him and take him back to Billings."

"I perceive that I have to deal with a man of parts," observed the Duke, visibly shaken. "But there's one thing you've left out of your calculations, and that's the angle."

"What angle?"

"The angle of the ditch. Take a look at it. If a horse cleared the hedge he couldn't fall into your ditch. It's not wide enough."

"Bother," said Mr. Barleycorn. "Yes, you're right. I shall just have to make a hole in the hedge, I suppose."

"I'm a lot bigger than you are, and I've got a mackintosh on," said the Duke, who was enjoying himself. "You stay where you are. It's a surprisingly thick hedge," he went on, twisting about as he bored his way through, "and a big jump, even for a horse."

"They're coming up the lane now!" reported Roberts, slithering down the bank.

"Then I shall just have to jump it myself," said the Duke, struggling to free his mackintosh. "No use if I'm caught up here."

He jumped, and there was a soft squelching sound.

"Did you jump far enough?" Mr. Barleycorn asked anxiously.

The Duke bent over Mr. Barleycorn in an attitude of concern just as the Master came tearing up the lane, and pulled up sharply on seeing them.

"Anything wrong?" he called.

"I'm afraid there's been a bit of an accident, Tom," the Duke replied.

Mr. Barleycorn just lay there with his eyes shut. They came and helped him over to the Duke's car, while he assisted with vague swimming movements of his hands and a couple of hollow groans.

"BUT why," asked the Duke with interest once they were round the first corner and out of sight; "why did you want to hunt."

"I never wanted to do it," objected Mr. Barleycorn indignantly. "It was nothing to do with me. Alice—that's my wife—thought I hadn't got enough push."

"You were pushing that horse hard enough for anyone," said the Duke. "But I daresay she's right. Haven't I met you before somewhere, by the way?"

"Barleycorn's the name," admitted Mr. Barleycorn sadly. The Duke didn't know him from Adam, Alice was right about that.

"It's the Orphanage Committee you know. We meet every first Monday. And that's the trouble really," he added, because he was a truthful man.

"What's the trouble?"

"Well . . ." said Mr. Barleycorn, thinking fast, "there's a chap on our committee who's a bit sticky, an old-fashioned sort of a fellow if you take my meaning."

He winked solemnly at the Duke, who was mesmerized into winking back before he had time to stop himself.

"And now there's this question of the new grant coming up next month, and my wife don't give me a moment's peace about it. 'Talk to the Duke first,' she says, 'before the others gets at him.'

" 'What does he do when he's not sitting on committees and things?' she wants to know.

" 'Hunting and fishing,' I tell her for a bit of a joke, and that gave her the idea for me to take up a bit of hunting."

He leant back with the air of a man who has definitely said his last word.

"If you'd like to leave it with me, Barleycorn," said the Duke "I'll have a word with one or two of the older members of the committee. It'll get them used to the idea. We'll mention no names." He winked first this time.

* * *

They got him into an armchair by the fire, and to all inquiries he would only say that he would be quite all right now.

In point of fact he felt pretty good.

The Duke was fixed, the orphans were fixed, and if Alice's tearful anxiety was anything to go by, hunting was fixed.

The only thing that wasn't fixed was the whereabouts of the yellow horse, and his mind was relieved on that score half an hour later. Alice took the message on the phone.

"Now isn't that nice!" she said, beaming as she came into the room afterwards. "That was His Grace ringing up, love, he said not to disturb you but he thought you might like to know as he found your horse in his rose garden when he got back. He said something about his being the mug, but I couldn't make that bit out."

END

No Half Measures (*Continued from page 8*)

"What makes you think I've got a contented mind?"

"Haven't you? Do you get sick and tired of helping Auntie?"

"Yes." That was true any way.

"You'd be surprised but sometimes I even get sick and tired of English history! Then it's very nice to go out with a little girl like you whose history begins and ends with William the Conqueror 1066."

"What did he do?" I asked. "This Conqueror type?"

He caught my hand and squeezed it. "You stay the way you are. More than anything I'm sick and tired of women who know things. Women like the missing Carlow. Damn it all she even thinks she knows more than I do!"

We had arrived at the pier. We didn't talk much after that except in giggles and gasps of excitement. He was determined to try everything. We twisted handles, we played endless games of football and polo, and we had our photographs taken grinning through a life belt. No one would have guessed that we were top flight serious historians.

We ended up in the big dance hall. It was all rather old-fashioned and jolly, but it struck me that he didn't hold me as if he were a candidate for being my elder brother.

"We'd better go," I said at eleven thirty. "Aunt Edith warned me to be careful."

"She flatters me. I'd love to think I was a danger to women, but I've got the wrong sort of face."

He took my arm and we fought our way into the open air.

Neil Anderson looked down at me attentively. "You're a rum go, Kitty," he said.

There are a lot of ways of saying things under the stars but he'd certainly found a way all his own.

"Just what does that mean?" I asked.

"Well if I didn't know that your job in life is helping Auntie—" He stopped and started again. "You—I don't know how to put it. You're unexpected. I like you," he said solemnly. "I like you very much." He smiled suddenly. "Tell me about your boy friends."

For a moment I toyed with the idea of telling him that I was in love with a king called Rufus who by all accounts was a lively, upstanding fellow and no slouch when it came to war or hunting.

"Come on, Kitty. Tell me about your love life."

"Certainly not. Tell me about yours."

"I haven't any. From eighteen to twenty-five I was always in love. Now—" He made a hopeless little gesture. "It's a bit bleak, isn't it? Being cut by the life force. Great big chunk of man like me I ought to have a wife and a quiverful of kids."

"Wives are awfully easy to get."

"Some day I must take time off and really look for one."

He kept hold of my arm all the way back. At the door he put a finger under my chin, tilted up my face, and looked down at me as if he liked what he saw.

"I've had a lot of fun," he said. "Thank you very much, dear Kitty. Please let's do it again."

I nodded vaguely, but I knew that we'd never do it again because tomorrow he'd find out that I was a schoolmarm and he would not be amused.

OUR appointment, next day, was for eleven o'clock, and I went out the back door good and early, and settled myself in the librarian's little room with my papers in my dispatch case.

When he came in he blinked at me and grinned. "What the devil are you doing here, Kitty?"

"Professor Anderson," I said loftily, "my name is Persephone Carlow."

"Come off it. Where is she?"

For answer I slapped my dispatch case on the table and took out my papers. "I cannot agree with you, Professor, that after the Siege of Bamborough, Rufus went to Canterbury. He went to Winchester. If you will reread——"

From that moment on it was terrific. It was magnificent. It was earth shaking. We kept strictly to Rufus. We threw dates at one another as if they were cannon balls, we hurled authorities as if they were hand grenades, we brought up reinforcements of obscure parchments. It was a great, a glorious, a memorable row—a row to end rows.

I suppose we weren't really arguing about Rufus at all. We were arguing about whether I should have deceived him and whether he should have said that all schoolmarms were awful.

The only undue noise we made was when Neil Anderson finally banged out of the room slamming the door behind him. I couldn't stand up because my knees were trembling. It had been marvellous, I had enjoyed myself, but now a cold wind of reason blew into the little room.

He had gone. He had gone for ever. And I knew that out of all the world he was my man. They didn't come twice like Neil Anderson. My heart, I discovered, was broken. I had always thought it a granite organ that you couldn't have chipped with a coal hammer. Now I knew better.

I must dash back to Aunt Edith's and explain to him about my heart. I must hurry or he would have packed and fled. But when I got back Neil Anderson had flown.

"He seemed in a great hurry," said Aunt Edith placidly. "Did he tell you what you wanted to know ,dear?"

"He told me plenty."

I got into my overall and helped with the boarders' lunch. I had to learn to live with a broken heart.

IT was three days before he reappeared. When I answered the door he did not look at all repentant only extremely cross.

"I've got to speak to you. Come out of that morgue."

He didn't give me time to take off my overall. He pulled me towards something that could only have been called a car by courtesy. We did not speak. He stopped round the first bend from which you could no longer see the town. There was no one in sight. We were dramatically alone together. In a moment he would kiss me or strangle me and either would be exciting.

He got out of the car and jerked his head for me to follow and we stood like that on the wide grass verge and the sea pounded at the bottom of the cliffs below us and the whole thing was very romantic. I was sorry about my overall but you can't have everything.

"Only one thing brought me back," he said gruffly. "Respect for truth."

There didn't seem to be any answer to that one so I just waited.

"I am a scholar." He looked rather noble as he said it. "I must admit when I am in the wrong. I consulted the authority you suggested." He paused impressively. "You were right. Rufus did go to Winchester."

I let out the breath I had been holding for the last two minutes. I sought for a nobility to match his own. I am quick witted.

"I remembered after you left," I said slowly, "we have neither of us considered the monograph by Dr. Hofenstein of Leiden."

I thought that was pretty good for a spur of the moment invention.

"Hofenstein? I don't know his work. What does he say?"

"That the evidence is inconclusive if you take into account the references in the Chronicle of Elfric the Uncouth."

Neil Anderson had stopped frowning. He was looking at me in awe—I might almost say in admiration. "It's generous of you to make this admission. There's no excuse for my being uninformed about Dr. Hofenstein."

"Many scholars have omitted to study him." That, at least, was absolutely accurate. I added hastily, "The Chronicle of Elfric the Uncouth was destroyed in a blitz."

"Where did you discover Hofenstein? You must show me his works."

I was getting in deeper every moment. "I've never actually seen them. The information was brought me by a student from Bonn University. I've lost track of him. I think he went to South America."

"Must find him," he said enthusiastically. "Must seek him out in South America. I've never been there," he said as if it were the next parish. "Have you?"

"No."

"Might get a grant from the university and the government would certainly make a dollar allowance." Then he stretched out a hand and pulled me roughly by the arm and gave me a shake. "Why are you such a wicked little liar?" he asked.

I looked at him pathetically. My voice was intended to sound soft and musical. "I wanted to make a beautiful gesture."

"Why?"

Really he should have melted at my appeal. "I didn't see why you should corner all the nobility," I said indignantly.

Suddenly he threw back his head and he let out a great bellow of a laugh. He laughed and laughed and I found that I was laughing, too. Then he stopped and he pulled me closer. He was kissing me. Thoroughly, of course. He never did things by halves.

"There can be no two bigger idiots than you and me, darling. I don't think we should lose each other. No one else will ever want to marry either of us, but I think we might be deliriously happy together."

"I think you have the right idea, Professor," I said and wound my arms about his neck.

END

Mine Ease In Myne Inne (*Continued from page 17*)

nightfall when the drawbridge at the massive towers of the West Gate had been raised and the portcullis lowered, effectually barring all late-comers from the walled and gated city.

Useful features of these inns were a large courtyard and gallery. Ablutions took place in the yard below, after which the travellers climbed to the balcony which gave access to the rooms above. Shakespeare found these two attributes of inn construction ideal for play production, and the hostelries themselves invaluable since they provided alike refreshments on the spot and accommodation for those who had travelled far to see his plays. Thus it was that inns became the embryo of British playgoing, and the earliest London theatres were built to their pattern.

By Elizabeth I's reign social life had become an added inn feature. The intellectual big-wigs gathered there to discuss philosophy, art, politics and scandal over sack and ale.

Came the coaching days and some further improvement to the roads, and inns enjoyed still more custom. Some became posting houses, selected by Government as halts for the mail coaches. Their inception is attributed to one John Palmer, a native of Bath. It was reported in an issue of the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal* of 1785 that Palmer's "plan for carrying the Mails is to be adopted, and a Mail Coach will start on the 15 August from The Bull in Holborn and the Gloster, Coffee House, Piccadilly, for Southampton, Lymington and Poole, calling at The Dolphin, Southampton."

There is, by the by, an admirable licensed house at Scole, in Norfolk, of which I have found it recorded in some ancient annals of the inns that "here was lately a very large round bed, big enough to hold fifteen or twenty couple." Which recalls that little more than a century ago hotel guests customarily shared not only the same bedchamber, but the same bed.

Letting rooms for the exclusive occupancy of individuals seems to have been the idea of an enterprising innkeeper of the year 1829.

END

This Way Madness (*Continued from page 15*)

"Well," he said, mildly, "I prefer my coffee without a lethal dose of poison."

"I don't understand," she said coldly.

He considered her for a moment. "I don't believe you do. But there's enough chloral hydrate in that coffee to kill a camel. I know—I'm a pharmacologist."

"Nonsense," she said vigorously. "Perhaps it's overboiled. I'll throw it away and make you another cup."

He put his hand over the cup. "No. You won't throw it away until you've given me an explanation. You weren't thinking of suicide, were you, or of poisoning the first stray caller?"

"Don't be stupid," she snapped. "Why should I want to do either?"

"I don't know. I saw a car leaving."

"That was my husband."

"Shall we sit down," he suggested, "and then you can tell me some more."

"Why should I tell you more?" she asked.

"Come on," he encouraged her. "Tell me about it—or shall I tell you what I've guessed?"

She said nothing. The truth had suddenly swamped her. She walked across the room and opened the drawer into which she had locked the sleeping tablets. But the bottle had gone.

Turning, she saw the bottle on the mantelpiece.

She crossed to the fireplace and turned the bottle upside down. Nothing fell out.

The young man watched her. "Did you hear what I said?" he asked.

"Yes, I heard," she answered, turning swiftly towards him. "Of course I heard, but I'm not going to tell you anything. Get out. Get out of here, you prying beast." She was sobbing as she stopped speaking, and she came towards him with her hand raised to strike his face. He caught the wrist and, standing up, pushed her into the chair and left the room. Presently he came back carrying a glass of water.

"Drink this," he ordered curtly.

He took her wrist again and placed his fingers on the pulse. In a lightly conversational tone he said: "I want an explanation of your fortunately unsuccessful attempt to poison me."

She listened to his voice, hearing but not consciously taking in the meaning of the words. A bright light was illuminating her mind.

"Are you shouting—or just speaking in your normal voice?" she asked tremulously.

He showed no surprise as he answered: "I resent the implication that I shout. I have been speaking in a pleasant, cultured voice, which is the joint product of a Scottish upbringing and an English education."

SHE was recovering, he saw, regaining strength and courage while he chattered. He went on talking until presently he saw tears begin to flow down her cheeks.

"Would you please switch on the wireless," she asked, "and put the control knob so that the 'O' of 'Volume' is opposite the white spot?"

She sat quite quiet and still waiting for the set to warm up. Shortly there came music, but so faint that it was scarcely audible to her. She asked him to turn the knob so that the 'V' was opposite the white spot. The music swelled and filled the room with bubbling gaiety.

"Could you hear the music before you turned up the volume?"

"Only just," he replied. "I couldn't distinguish the tune."

"God bless you," she said, and went on: "I'll tell you everything now."

She told him of her fear of deafness, of the increasing difficulty she had in understanding what her husband said.

He listened in silence. "Of course you were being tricked. Your husband was whispering to you or just articulating the words. He must be trying to drive you into thinking yourself deaf. But why?"

She told him about the sleeping pills. "I found I was taking too many, so I locked them away in that desk-drawer and gave the key to Philip."

"So you think that your husband must have put the pills in the coffee cup?"

"What else can I think?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I wonder why he didn't leave the key in the drawer."

"I suppose because I might have seen it and looked in the drawer and noticed the empty bottle on the mantelpiece before I drank my coffee."

"He must have it with him," said Andrew, adding harshly: "He is sitting at the moment with his friend talking over old times and waiting——"

"For me to die," she added in a whisper.

"To die," he repeated.

She shivered and he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Have you told me everything now?" he asked.

She nodded.

"All but one thing," he said. "Your name."

"Rowena."

Straightening up he took his hand away. "Well, Rowena," he said, "now we have to decide what to do. When do you expect your husband back?"

"He said he'd be home by eleven o'clock."

"Would you be ready to leave everything in my hands?" He hesitated. "You can trust me, you know."

"Yes," she said. "I know."

"Thank you. Then we must occupy ourselves until eleven. We'll hear the car coming up the lane."

* * *

It was after eleven o'clock when the car drew up outside. Philip entered the hall softly and paused for a moment at the sitting-room door listening. To Andrew, who was standing on the hearthrug before the fire, he looked expectant but uneasy.

Philip's wavering eye suddenly took in the presence of a stranger.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked.

"My name is Andrew McFie. I called here a few minutes ago to ask the way to Earith. I got no answer but, as there was a light in this room, I knocked at the window. Then I saw a woman's upturned foot on the floor behind the table and I thought that somebody had fainted. I came in."

Philip spoke on a rising note. "You mean she's dead?"

"Look for yourself," said Andrew.

This was the moment he feared. He watched Philip go over to the settee. Rowena lay on her back, her hands crossed on her bosom, her face turned slightly towards the wall and, without any make-up, pathetically pallid. From where he stood she did not appear to be breathing.

Philip leaned over her and slowly put out his hand. With a hasty flick of his wrist Andrew sent an ashtray clattering into the hearth, and the other man stepped back and turned round in nervous anger.

"Sorry," said Andrew; then, with deep concern: "This has been a terrible shock. You'd better sit down."

"I was afraid of this," Philip said. "I shouldn't have left her alone."

He stood up and pointed a finger at Andrew. "Why didn't you go for help at once when you found her? You might have saved her life."

"It was too late when I came. I didn't know where I was, and there's no telephone in the house. I looked around and saw that the garage doors were open and guessed that someone had gone out. So I decided to wait until he—until they returned."

"You'd better know the truth," Philip said in a low voice. "Sit down, man."

When he spoke again it was as if to himself.

"My wife had been growing gradually deaf during the past year. The doctor had told her that there was nothing organically wrong, and I think it was his belief as well as mine that it was self-induced deafness, that she had imagined herself into that state.

"We lived in London until about fifteen months ago. Then, quite suddenly, she decided that she would like to live in the country. It was difficult for me to raise any objections, for, as she pointed out, I am a writer and it doesn't really matter where I work. Also—the money was hers."

Andrew said nothing.

"It is lonely here, as you know. The nearest village, Earith, is over four miles away and the road is bad. So we didn't get many visitors. My wife took a dislike to the local people, especially to the tradesmen who used to call several times a week. So I was forced—I decided to drive in each day and do the shopping and pick up the milk. My wife refused to learn how to drive a car; she said she was frightened of having an accident.

"Soon she became almost a recluse. The only person except myself whom she saw was the postman. She couldn't always avoid him and used to complain that he was coarse and familiar."

"She could hear him, then?" asked Andrew.

"YOU can hear him a mile away. He doesn't talk—he shouts. Well, during the past few months my wife began to take sleeping drugs. I protested that it was unwise, but she became so mentally unstable and hysterical that, against my better judgment, I obtained them for her. But when she began to take three or four tablets every night I locked the bottle away in a drawer and allowed her only one at a time. Somehow she must have managed to get hold of the bottle. The drawer's open—it's that desk over there—and the bottle's on the mantelpiece as I expect you have noticed." He got up and glanced inside it. "Yes, it's quite empty." He stayed for a moment, his back to Andrew, fumbling aimlessly with the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and then sat down.

"How many were there in it?" asked Andrew.

"I don't know exactly, but about a dozen. She's taken the lot. I should have been more careful when she was in such an emotional and nervous state.

"Last night, after a long struggle, I persuaded her to see the doctor again."

Philip sighed and, thrusting his hand into a trouser pocket, drew out a handkerchief. Half a dozen coins and a key-ring came out with it and dropped on to the carpet, where they lay by the side of the chair. Philip mopped his face and neck and stood up wearily.

"I did everything I could for Rowena," he said, "but I failed. Somehow she succeeded in circumventing me."

Throughout the long monologue Andrew had not dared to look at the settee where Rowena lay. Now, as he offered his cigarette case to the other man, he glanced past him into the corner. She had not moved. Gruffly he suggested:

"If you would care to offer me a drink. . . ."

"Yes, of course. I could do with one myself. Stay here and I'll bring the glasses in." His head still bowed, Philip went out of the room with dragging steps, a man overcome by sorrow and regret.

Swiftly Rowena jumped up from the sofa and ran over to the chair her husband had just left. Stooping down, she picked up and let the keys fall through her fingers.

"The key of the desk-drawer isn't here," she whispered.

"The bunch was dropped entirely for my benefit," he whispered back. "You see he didn't expect to find me here, so he has to make certain that I know he hasn't got the key. But I think I can tell you where——"

On the uncarpeted floor by the doorway a tumbler shattered into pieces. Philip stood there, leaning for support against the lintel, a look of complete stupefaction on his face. In the silence that followed Andrew's lighter snapped like a pistol as he lighted a cigarette. "Yes," he said, conversationally, "it's Rowena."

They watched the extreme mental and

physical efforts that brought Philip forward from the door.

"My dear," he said, "you gave me a terrible shock. I feared you had killed yourself."

He turned to Andrew and with an air of controlled resentment asked: "What childish trick have you been playing on me? You told me Rowena was dead."

"I never told you so," answered Andrew. "You expected her to be dead and you took it for granted that she was. I didn't contradict you because we—Rowena and I—wanted to hear what you would say."

Philip laughed harshly.

"Well, you have heard—and what you heard is the truth. Rowena's probably been spinning you some clever story so that she could get rid of me, have me arrested for attempted murder."

"You needn't shout, Philip," said Rowena with deadly quietness. "I'm not deaf, Philip. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"I've always said you weren't deaf, Rowena, you only imagined it. I told you, didn't I?" he appealed to Andrew.

He's very convincing, thought Rowena dispassionately. She looked up at Andrew, but his expression was enigmatic.

"Yes, you told me so," he said. "You told me. But I didn't believe you."

Rowena faced her husband. "How am I supposed to have obtained the sleeping tablets from the drawer?" she asked.

"You must have taken the key from me today, dear."

Andrew lifted the pink china jar from the mantelpiece and looked inside it. A small bright key lay on top of the safetypin.

"You can't get away with that," he said grimly to Philip. "The key wasn't in the jar when we both looked two hours ago. You put it in a few minutes ago when you looked at the empty tablet bottle."

Philip's face turned grey-green, and he slopped bonelessly into a chair.

Gradually, while they sat coldly studying him, his colour returned and with it a strange artificial self-assurance.

"Prove it," he said.

Andrew spoke contemptuously. "The police will have no difficulty in doing so."

"We don't have to tell the police, do we?" Rowena asked. "They would ask so many questions, and they'd have to bring a charge against him, wouldn't they? I don't think I could bear it."

"You don't know what you can hear until you have to, Rowena."

She turned to face him. "I can't do it," she cried. "You can't make me, Andrew."

"Very well," he said gently. "But don't think only of him. Think of yourself."

"What am I going to do?" she asked in a small, choked voice.

"My dear," he said. "I wish I could see into the future. But now, as soon as you've put your things into a bag, you're coming with me."

There were tears twinkling on her eyelashes, but all she said was: "Please come and be with me while I pack."

In the bedroom she suddenly stood still.

"Andrew, what did you do with the cup of coffee?"

"I put it on the chest by the radio," he said.

"Are you going to leave it there?" she asked.

"I don't know." He turned to the window so that he need not see her face.

"Andrew, please throw it away before we go."

"Yes," he said. "I will." And as he spoke they heard the front door crash and the metallic slam of a car door. A starter whirred and with a screaming engine the car rocketed down the lane.

They ran out into the cobbled yard.

"He's going too fast," cried Rowena.

Andrew put his hand on her shoulder.

"I'm not so sure that he is," he said, quietly. And, as he spoke, the speeding lights checked and then rose into the air. The tarn was suddenly illuminated like a giant shaving mirror. There was an echoing splash and then all was still.

END

Lace-ply Dolman (*Continued from page 46*)

7th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

8th row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

9th row.—K.

10th row.—K. 1, * k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

11th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

12th row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

13th row.—K.

Rep. rows 2 to 13 inclusive 3 times more. Cast off.

THE FRONT

With No. 14 needles cast on 134 sts.

Work 3½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

Next row.—Rib 7, * inc. once in the next st., rib 6; rep. from *, ending rib 7 instead of rib 6 (152 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and st.st.

Work 2 ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 174 sts., then 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 210 sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 240 sts.

Divide for front opening.

Next row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. 118, inc. once in the next st., turn, leaving the remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Finish each side separately.

Continuing to inc. 1 st. on every row at side edge, work 15 rows, ending with a p. row.

Commence lace pattern

1st row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. 117, * m. 1, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 20, p. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

3rd row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. 119, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2.

4th row.—K. 2, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1, p. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

5th row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. to end.

6th row.—K. 22, p. to last st., inc. once in the last st.

7th row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. 123, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 2.

8th row.—K. 1, (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice, p. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

9th row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. to end.

10th row.—K. 7, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5, p. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

11th row.—K. twice into the first st., k. 127, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 2.

12th row.—K. 1, (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1. ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times, p. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

13th row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. 114, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times, k. to end.

14th row.—K. 39, p. to end.

15th row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. 116, * k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

16th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1; rep. from * once more, p. to end.

17th row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. to end.

18th row.—K. 43, p. to end.

19th row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. 122, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 1; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

20th row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice; rep. from * once more, p. to end.

21st row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. to end.

22nd row.—K. 1, * k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5; rep. from * once more, p. to end.

23rd row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. 128, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

24th row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times; rep. from * once more, p. to end.

25th row.—Cast on 3 sts., k. 113, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times, k. to end.

26th row.—K. 58, p. to end.

27th row.—Cast on 5 sts., k. 117, * k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

28th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1; rep. from * twice more, p. to end.

29th row.—Cast on 5 sts., k. to end.

30th row.—K. 64, p. to end.

31st row.—Cast on 5 sts., k. 127, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

32nd row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice; rep. from * twice more, p. to end.

33rd row.—Cast on 6 sts., k. to end.

34th row.—K. 1, * k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5; rep. from * twice more, p. to end.

35th row.—Cast on 20 sts., k. 153, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

36th row.—K. 1, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times; rep. from * twice more, p. to end.

37th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times; rep. from * to the last 58 sts., k. to end.

Now work rows 2 to 13 inclusive of lace patt. as for back 4 times.

Cast off.

Rejoin wool to other side at centre-front.

Next row.—Inc. once in the first st., k. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

Now continuing to inc. 1 st. on every row at side edge, work 15 rows, ending with a p. row.

Commence lace pattern.

1st row.—K. 2, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times, k. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

2nd row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 117, k. 20.

3rd row.—K. 2, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. to last st., inc. once in the last st.

4th row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 119, k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 2.

5th row.—K. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

6th row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 121, k. 22.

7th row.—K. 2, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. to the last st., inc. once in the last st. (*Continued on page 60*)

Lace-ply Dolman

(*Continued from page 59*)

8th row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 123, (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice, k. 1.

9th row.—K. to the last st., inc. once into the last st.

10th row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 125, k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 6.

11th row.—K. 2, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. to the last st., inc. once in the last st.

12th row.—Inc. once in the first st., p. 127, (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times, k. 1.

13th row.—K. 21, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times, k. to end.

14th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 113, k. 39.

15th row.—K. 1 ; * k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * once more, k. to end.

16th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 116, * k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1 ; rep. from * once more, k. 1. **17th row.**—K.

18th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 119, k. 43.

19th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2, tog., m. 1) twice, k. 1 ; rep. from * once more, k. to end.

20th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 122, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice ; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

21st row.—K.

22nd row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 125 ; * k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5 ; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

23rd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * once more, k. to end.

24th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 128, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times ; rep. from * once more, k. 1.

25th row.—K. 40, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times, k. to end.

26th row.—Cast on 3 sts., p. 112, k. 58.

27th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 13, p. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * twice more, k. to end.

28th row.—Cast on 5 sts., p. 117 ; * k. 1, (k. 1, p. 1, into made st.), k. 15, (p. 1, k. 1, into made st.), k. 1 ; rep. from * twice more, k. 1. **29th row.**—K.

30th row.—Cast on 5 sts., p. 122, k. 64.

31st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, k. 11, (p. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 1 ; rep. from * twice more, k. to end.

32nd row.—Cast on 5 sts., p. 127, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) twice, k. 13, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) twice ; rep. from * twice more, k. 1. **33rd row.**—K.

34th row.—Cast on 6 sts., p. 133, * k. 6, (m. 2, k. 1) 14 times, k. 5 ; rep. from * twice more, k. 1.

35th row.—K. 1, * k. 1, (m. 1, p. 2 tog. t.b.l.) twice, m. 1, p. 15 sts. tog., dropping the made sts., (m. 1, p. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * twice more, k. to end.

36th row.—Cast on 20 sts., p. 153, * (k. 1, [k. 1, p. 1, into made st.]) 3 times, k. 1, ([p. 1, k. 1, into made st.], k. 1) 3 times ; rep. from * twice more, k. 1.

37th row.—K. 58, * k. 1, (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 9 times ; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

Now work rows 2 to 13 inclusive of lace patt. as for back 4 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth. Sew side and undersleeve seams with narrow back stitch, but overstitching welt ribbing.

Sew top sleeve and shoulder seams, leaving 5 ins. open for back of neck.

Commencing at right shoulder, work 1 row of double crochet firmly across back neck edge and right round front opening, turn. Work another row right round, working into the same sts. as before. Work round cuff edges in the same way. Press seams.

END

Closeweave Bed-jacket

(*Continued from page 47*)

Next row.—K. until 4 remain, rib 4. Rep. these 4 rows 6 times.

Next row.—Rib 4, (slip these 4 sts. on to a safety-pin), cast off 7, patt. to end.

Next row.—K.

Next row.—Cast off 7, patt. to end.

Next row.—K.

Rep. the last 2 rows once. Work three patts. on remaining sts. and cast off fairly tightly.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 66 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 28 rows. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—Rib 4, p. 2, * p. twice into the next st., p. 14 ; rep. from * three times.

1st patt. row.—K. 52, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7, rib 4.

2nd and alternate rows.—Rib 4, k. 14, p. 52.

3rd row.—K. 59, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, rib 4.

5th row.—K. 4, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7, rib 4.

7th row.—As 3rd row.

9th row.—As 1st row.

11th row.—K. 4, (k. 8, t. 8) three times, k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, rib 4.

12th row.—Rib 4, k. 14, p. 52. Rep. the 12 patt. rows 6 times more. To shape armholes, cast off 8 at beg. of next row, and k. 2 tog. at that end of alternate rows until 60 sts. remain. Continue on these until 9 patts. have been worked.

Next row.—* (W.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7 ; rep. from * until 4 remain, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, k. to end.

Next row.—* K. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice ; rep. from * until 4 remain, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, k. to end. Rep. the last 4 rows 6 times, and the 1st row once more.

Next row.—Rib 4, (leave these 4 sts. on a safety-pin), cast off 7, k. to end.

Next row.—Patt.

Next row.—Cast off 7, k. to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows once. Work 3 patt. on remaining sts. and cast off fairly tightly.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 84 sts. and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 16 rows. Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—* P. 2, p. twice into the next st. ; rep, from * to end.

1st patt. row.—K. 49, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 56.

2nd and alternate rows.—P. 49, k. 14, p. 49.

3rd row.—K. 56, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 49.

5th row.—K. 1, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, k. 7, (k. 8, t. 8) three times, k. 1.

7th row.—As 3rd row.

9th row.—As 1st row.

11th row.—K. 9, t. 8, (k. 8, t. 8) twice, k. 7, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (w.r.n. 3) three times, (w.r.n. 2) twice, (t. 8, k. 8) three times, k. 1.

12th row.—P. 49, k. 14, p. 49. Rep. the 12 patt. rows once.

Continuing in patt., k. twice into the first and last sts. of next and every 4th row until sts. number 128. Continue on these until 5 patts. in all have been worked above ribbing. To shape top, cast off 8 at beg. of next 2 rows, and k. 2 tog. at each end of alternate rows until 90 sts. remain. Now k. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 60 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams, and with right side of work facing, and using No. 13 needles, pick up 122 sts. round neck, including the 4 sts. on each front. Work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 4 rows and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams and insert sleeves. Make two loops on right side of ribbing at hem. Press garment on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew on buttons and finish with ribbon at neck.

END

The Sewing Woman Of St. Paul

(*Continued from page 21*)

started to paint and achieve fame late in life. Like Grandma Moses, too, she paints "primitives"—naïve, almost childlike pictures distinguished by a sincerity of purpose, an originality of technique and an instinctive feeling for colour and composition.

It all happened when a hard-up Scottish artist, then living in Saint Paul, found he could not pay Emilienne for a shirt she had made for him. He offered her a set of oil colours instead. Influenced by the general atmosphere of art which pervades Saint Paul, she accepted the offer and soon produced her first work, a still life of a vase of flowers.

This pleased her if nobody else, so she continued to amuse herself with her box of pretty colours, until she began to turn out pictures of an individual style and quality which made the artists' colony take notice and start talking about her. This they did to such good effect that Tyrone Power and Linda Christian, honeymooning in Saint Paul, called on Emilienne to see her work and rescued her for ever from the sewing machine and washtub, by becoming her first patrons; they bought two or three of her pictures for half a million francs (£500) !

Picasso and Braque both praise and admire her work. Picasso is a frequent visitor to her home and did much to launch her as a painter of significance. In his house at Vallauris he has only three paintings, two by Douanier Rousseau, a third by Emilienne Delacroix.

Her methods are as original as her pictures. First she does a rough sketch on ordinary wrapping paper of the subject she has in mind, then transfers this carefully to a piece of untreated canvas. She then plonks the canvas flat on to the kitchen table, squeezing her colours out of their tubes into the lids of cocoa-tins, which she prefers to use instead of the conventional palette. She never mixes her colours, but uses them "straight," except for a little softening with oil.

Her paintings are bought almost as soon as they are completed, and she has no worries about selling. Her earnings from painting have been estimated at around three thousand pounds a year.

HAS success gone to her head? No, Emilienne Delacroix remains today the same, simple, buxom housewife with an impassive face and a shrewd glance, who lives in the working man's cottage she has occupied all her married life.

The only concessions she has made to modernity include the installation of a telephone, which stands on the kitchen dresser, an up-to-date stove for cooking, with bottled gas (there is no mains supply in Saint Paul), a pressure cooker, and, her latest and most prized acquisition, a washing machine made in Britain.

To her, the greatest boon which money has brought has been the ability to pay for a fresh water supply piped into the ancient house on the ramparts. This has saved her from the lifetime chore of fetching water from the fountain near the North Gate over a hundred yards away and the nearest of Saint Paul's many public fountains.

1.1.54

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